JOHN BULL

Vol. I. No. 24. | SATURDAY, NOV 17th, 1906. | ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

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"Concerning Tatcho."

To the Hundred Thousand Ladies and Gentlemen who have written me from all parts of the world (sometimes enclosing stamps for a reply, and sometimes expecting me to defray the return postage to the uttermost corners of the earth), requesting me to forward them immediately my recipe for arresting the Fall of the Hair, **Greeting**: Know all of you by these presents: That finding it utterly impossible, even with the assistance of an expensive staff, to deal with the mass of correspondence, and having also ascertained that in consequence of the success of my remedy "**Tatcho**," discovered, advertised, and distributed gratuitously by me, dozens of preparations have been placed on the market purporting to be the same as mine, but in reality nothing of the sort, many of them being absolutely innocent of the principal ingredient, I have been compelled to place the matter in the hands of a Syndicate. These gentlemen have agreed to supply the whole world with the preparation absolutely made up according to my directions. It was the only way for me to protect the public and myself.

Geo R Sims

To undertake the introduction of "Tatcho" to the public a wealthy syndicate was formed, embracing several of the best-known scientific, literary, and commercial names in London, and under the name of the George R. Sims' Hair Restorer Company, is introducing "Tatcho" to the toilet table of every member of the King's vast Empire. It has been decided to distribute a quantity of large trial bottles of "Tatcho" to enable those who have not yet profited by Mr. Sims' discovery to do so. This is done in the belief that such distribution will enable the preparation to become more widely known, and will introduce it into every home in a more satisfactory manner than could be effected through extravagant outlay in advertising. To enable you to participate in this distribution, cut out the Coupon above, and post to the Company's offices, with your name and address legibly written, accompanied by postal order for 1s. 10d., in exchange for which you will receive under plain cover a large 4s. 6d. trial bottle post free.

"TATCHO" is sold by Chemists and Stores all over the world in bottles, at 4/6, 2/9, and 1/-
"TATCHO" LABORATORIES, 5, Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London.

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant;
Without Fear or Favour—Rancour or Rant.

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NOTICES, &c.

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All matter appearing in JOHN BULL, *unless otherwise signed, is editorial.*

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

Mr. Chamberlain, we regret to say, is very ill, and his political career is ended. (Other papers, please contradict.)

The "Education Bill" is dead.

The dear lady suffragists are under the impression that because Mr. Keir Hardie's Bill was "read a first time" the other day, and then put down for second reading this week, they have at last got their votes. By the time these lines are read, they will have learnt that, as with so many other good causes, they must for the present be content with the "sympathy" of the Government. As we have before remarked, the Government reminds us of that very kind-hearted man who was so sympathetic that if he saw a beggar on the road-side, eating his last crust, he would cross over and share it with him.

By the way, there is an alarming prospect before Mr. Asquith and the other "enemies of women." At a meeting last Sunday, the ladies revealed a plot which only considerations of humanity had led them to abandon. They had planned a raid upon Mr. Cremer's hat, being determined that he should have to leave a hall, where he had been speaking, in the same condition as they had left the House of Commons—*hatless*." We tremble at the possibilities of these sartorial reprisals. . Just imagine it—the Chancellor of the Exchequer in kilts!

The Apostles' Bread Company, of 93 and 94, Upper Thames Street, E.C., which has a large agency at 249, Old Street, E.C., conspicuously announces that it sells bread by weight only. The Apostles' Company goes on to say that it charges you twopence a loaf for bread, and you are to see it weighed before you, and make sure that you get your 28 ounces. Now 28 ounces sounds a substantial weight, and only upon reflection might the well-informed denizen of Hoxton discover that it is 4 ounces less than the weight of the ordinary half-quartern loaf. The device, if not fraudulent, certainly savours of sharp practice, especially on the part of the "Apostles." Messrs. Watson and Lever may take heart of grace.

All the papers are misquoting the historic lines of a pupil upon the late Miss Beale, so it may be as well to give them correctly. They run thus:—

Miss Buss and Miss Beale
Cupid's darts do not feel.
So different from us—
Miss Beale and Miss Buss.

We read them first about a quarter of a century ago (oh! tempus fugit) in the staid columns of the *Journal of Education*. The writer was using them in illustration of his contention against the homœopathic system of punishment by making the culprit repeat the offence. He said it would not have been usefully applied in the case of the fifteen-year-old writer of these lines. She might have enjoyed writing them out a hundred times, and meditating upon the philosophy they contain.

A conflict between the country and the Lords must come, but the wise warrior chooses his best battle-ground. Now, the Education Bill, or, as we prefer to call it, the Schools' Bill, is not the best battle-ground. There is no real, glaring grievance against the Church of England, which plays a small part fairly well. And, if there were such a grievance, the democracy would not care to struggle and sacrifice in order to establish Puritans of any kind. The House of Lords must not be allowed to impede progress, but who is going to fight for "Puritanism?" Let us wait for a clearer issue.

Though the protests of the Army League against Mr. Haldane's great whitewashing act in the War Stores Scandals come a little late in the day, we are not the less glad that it is at one with JOHN BULL on this matter. The League's protests cover ground almost identical with that taken up by ourselves a week or two ago, so it is unnecessary to go over it again. Mr. Haldane has undoubtedly served his country but indifferently over these disgraceful scandals, and we are almost surprised that the men who were responsible for them, and with whom he has dealt so leniently, have not presented him with an illuminated address of thanks, and something valuable in solid silver, in appreciation of his kindness and good nature.

Most of the Radical newspapers are still busy inventing explanations as to why London was lost in the municipal fight. So far as we can see, not one of them, the *Star* perhaps excepted, has the courage to face the facts, and even the *Star* accomplishes that necessary performance in a half-hearted way. The plain truth is that, in their anxiety to make the most of their time, the Progressives have travelled a great deal too fast, and the journey has been a great deal too costly. We all want a better London and a happier London. But the Progressives have not sufficiently recognised that with municipalities, as with individuals, there are things which one can do without, that one can have too much of a good thing, and that there are many luxuries one would like to-day which are better postponed until to-morrow.

The Progressives have had ample warning from all sorts and conditions of people that they were killing the goose which lays the golden eggs. The rates have become an oppression; the Borough Councils, and the London County Council as well, have become a financial tyranny. The pace has been too fast, the price has been too high, and, tired of it all, the Man With The Vote has taken measures to put a spoke in the wheel. We do not believe in party politics in Imperial Government. Infinitely less do we believe in party politics in municpal affairs. The use of the party machine in local government is not a good thing at all, and, in our opinion, never will be. It is improbable that the Moderates will be any cheaper than the Progressives, but evidently the ratepayer has hopes, and in any case he has come to the conclusion that they can hardly bleed him more than he has been bled already. The Progressives have got their salutary lesson. If they are wise, they will profit by it.

It was, of course, impossible that the ferocious sentence of five years' penal servitude passed by Mr. Russell Griffiths, Recorder of Bedford, on two men, for breaking a plate glass window, could be allowed to stand. One of the men had never been previously convicted, and the other had only served a term of one month. Mr. Griffiths is obviously unfitted to sit in the seat of judgment, though it is possible that he is not as mentally afflicted as he appears to be. If he continues his judicial work, one of these days somebody in Bedford who won't go home till morning will probably get penal servitude for life. Griffiths must go. He is not a safe man.

Perhaps the terriffic slaughter of "old masters" in the Art Gallery at Bath will make the paint-pot connoisseurs a little more careful, though it is doubtful whether it will make some of the dealers any more honest. One hesitates to speculate on the number of spurious old masters there may be in the National Gallery. Rich men pay fabulous sums for pictures which are the "imperishable treasures of the ages," many of them being too ugly for the decoration of a coal cellar. If all the Vandycks, and Reubenses, and Titians, and del Sartos, and de Vincis, and the rest, had lived a hundred and fifty years each, and had painted three pictures a day, working seventy minutes to the hour, they could not possibly have used up all the paint and varnishes now attributed to them. There are certainly more Rembrandts in the homes of American millionaires than that genius ever painted. You cannot expect a man who has spent all his life making money in pork and cheese to distinguish a Rembrandt or a Reubens from a copy of a Christmas almanac when even trained experts have been often deceived. The trustees of the National Gallery recently gave £40,000 for a Venus by Velasquez, and we hope the lady is worth the money. All we can say is that she does not look it.

Is no attempt to be made to compel the Vivisection Commission to take its evidence in public? If half that has been told of the horrors of British and foreign vivisection laboratories be true, nay, if even one tenth of what is told of them be true, the British people, at all events, should decline to have their humanity shamed by them. That, we admit, is the questison to be determined; but, in this instance, it is to be determined by a one-sided Commission of practical vivisectionists, and —it is to be determined behind closed doors. So far as we know, there are even no adequate guarantees that the full evidence will ultimately be published. The question is not wholly a scientific one. It is one of humanity also—humanity to dumb creatures without defence, and without the means of expressing their agony. The public have a right to hear the evidence, even if the Commission has to be closed and another appointed in its stead in order that the right may be secured.

The late Mr. Auberon Herbert, individualist of individualists, had for a long time previous to his death been out of the papers. Some years ago, however, he was a sort of Algernon Ashton, but he possessed a vigour of phrase and a vividness of expression to which the renowned "corrector of the Press" makes no pretence. His great principle was that everybody was entitled to do as he pleased as long as one did not interfere with other people doing the same, which would give us all a fine time but for the imperfections of our human nature. In a condition of society in which everybody is after something which belongs to somebody else, perfect individualism is outside the practical scheme of things. For instance, when the tax collector or the rate collector came round, the individualist would immediately commune with himself—we should, at all events—and decline to pay on the ground that rent, rates, and taxes were voluntary subscriptions, to be given or withheld as one pleased. The truth is, in this world a man must be compelled to do a great many things he would otherwise not do, and the State has to do a great many things for him which he could not do so well himself. Mr. Auberon Herbert was, in fact, in common with all other individualists, an anarchist of a sort. Like the curate's egg, individualism is good in parts; and one of the parts is, "Please govern us as little as possible."

That is a most interesting problem which has been raised by a young soldier, named Carrol, for Mr. Haldane to solve. Carrol enlisted during the South African war, was promoted to sergeant after two months' service, and eventually gained a lieutenant's commission in the Connaught Rangers. When

the war was over, he returned to Ireland. Finding that his resources were insufficient to maintain his rank as lieutenant, he requested the War Office to allow him to be a sergeant again. The War Office refused, and he was packed off for service in India. Returning on leave, he went to Clonmel, where he enlisted as a private in the Royal Irish, and thus committed a military offence. Carroll is evidently the stuff of which good soldiers are made, and surely it says little for any scheme of Army Reform which fails to assist the advance of such a man in his profession. If it is worth the while of the State to give a commission to him, it is worth the while of the State to give him reasonable means of maintaining his rank without humiliation.

Obviously, the Liberal Lord Chancellor is bent upon making a distinction between himself and his predecessor, Lord Halsbury. He is not going to give all the legal nuts and figs to his relations and political friends. For instance, Westmoreland is now represented by two Liberals. Nevertheless, his lordship's selection of new county magistrates consists of twelve Tories and two Liberals. This kind of impartiality can be carried a little too far, and we trust it will not often be repeated. Politics should have nothing to do with the Bench whatever, but if politics have to do with it, the balance of opinion should be kept as level as possible.

Would you like to know the real reason why Lord Justice Romer resigned? Then ask Lord Justice Moulton!

Down Hackney way is a fanatical Nonconformist parson named Riley, who, upon every possible occasion, comes out of his shell and poses as the apostle of social and political purity. During the late General Election he had the audacity to run as a third Parliamentary candidate for one of the divisions of the borough, because he didn't consider the duly selected nominee of the local Association a sufficiently godly person to sit in Parliament. Some idea of the character of this Reverend Riley will be gathered from the fact that on the eve of the poll he issued a manifesto in his own favour headed, "How would Jesus vote?" Naturally, every clean-minded person was shocked and disgusted at the man's blatant and bombastic blasphemy, and the constituency administered him such a trouncing that he slunk back into his shell, despised, defeated, and disgraced. Thus, it was thought, and hoped, that the district had heard and seen the last of him.

So much by way of prologue. During the recent municipal elections Riley has again distinguished himself. This time he was against one of the candidates because he happened to be a shop-keeper, in a working-class district, who indulged in the sin of Sunday trading; and we have before us a manifesto headed, "Sunday Trading and Christian Politics." We make no comment upon the mongrel character of such a cry in a Borough Council election, nor do we propose wading through the drivel which it covers. But—and this is our sole excuse for dragging the man from obscurity—we desire to reproduce this precious gem of loving charity and counsel. It is addressed to the poor, struggling wretches of the London Fields district, where many and many a family is herded together in one small room. Listen to it:—"*People who live in one room, it is said, could not keep meat over Sunday. Breadstuffs, potatoes, cabbages, etc., will keep over Sunday, even in a one-roomed dwelling. So will meat and fish* IF SALTED OR OTHERWISE PRESERVED." Revolting, disgusting—nauseating cant and cruelty! Imagine the spectacle. Potatoes, cabbages, and breadstuffs—and fish and meat ("salted or otherwise preserved") packed away under the beds, collecting and disseminating every poisonous gas and microbe—rather than the unpardonable crime of buying if fresh—*and cheap*—on Sunday morning! Will no museum make arrangements with the family of the Rev. Mr. Riley to secure his well-nourished body, when his Christian work is ended, and having had it "salted or otherwise preserved," exhibit it as a twentieth century freak—made, by accident, in the image of a man? What about Madame Tussaud's and the "Chamber of Horrors"?

John Bull's Biscuits.

AWARD NO. 92.

For being deceived during 12 years by 194 spurious old masters in the Holburne Art Museum.

THE PEOPLE OF BATH
TAKE THE BATH BUN.

AWARD NO. 93.

For stating that "Protestant Sunday was instituted in the reign of King James I." to celebrate the happy arrival of King William,

LORD NORTHCLIFFE, D.N.,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 94.

For stating that "No advertisements for the Soap Trust will be accepted unless accompanied by a written pledge to restore the 16 oz. pound and to give the retailer a living profit,"

THE EDITOR OF THE *DAILY MAIL*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 95.

For describing the result of the recent Municipal Elections as "a great Unionist victory,"

THE EDITOR OF THE *DAILY TELEGRAPH*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 96.

For stating that the recent criticisms of the Soap Trust have had the effect of materially increasing his sale.

MR. W. H. LEVER, M.P.,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 97.

For stating that the loss on the L.C.C. steamers is compensated for by the removal of mud from the foreshore caused by the wash of the boats,

MR. KENT, SOLICITOR,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 98.

For rewarding with threepence the boy who found her bag containing £240 in gold,

"A LADY FROM NEWTON HEATH"
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 99.

For admonishing his audience to "Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen," a quotation from "Paradise Lost," put into the mouth of the Devil, whilst addressing fallen angels,

"DR." CLIFFORD
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 100.

For falling like a cat from a train, which was travelling at the rate of sixty miles an hour,

MR. CATT
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 101.

For declining to pay 6d. for every material error found in the "Daily News" on the ground that "there are too many millionaires in the world,"

THE EDITOR OF THE *DAILY NEWS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 102.

For suggesting "tedious but righteous methods," such as "prayer meetings all over the country," as an alternative to the present female campaign to win the suffrage for women.

MRS. ORMISTON CHANT
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 103.

For saying his only wish was to help "Tumti II." on a bit in life,

"TUMTI I."
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

IN THE CITY.

A Motor Chassis Manufacturing Company.—A Chance for Underwriters.

We have before us a draft prospectus of a Continental Motor Chassis Manufacturing Company, to be formed by the Westminster Syndicate, accompanied with forms of underwriting contracts. It will take a deal of beating.

The business has been established exactly three years, and the profits for the whole of that period are said to be £131,059 10s. 1d., or an average of £43,686 10s. per annum.

The assets to be acquired by the Company, including the profits from October 1st, 1905, were estimated on July 15th, 1906, to be of the value of £121,352 6s. 4d.

The value of the goodwill is to be taken at £180,000, which is just 37.34 per cent. more than the business appears to have made during the whole period of its existence.

Now the tangible assets, and the goodwill, are all the vendor sells, and all the Company buys, and they amount, according to the promoter's own valuation, to £301,352 6s. 4d.

The price to be paid by the public is exactly £500,000, of which no less than £360,000 is to be paid in cash, and only the balance of £140,000 in fully paid shares of the Company.

This leaves a matter of £198,647 13s. 8d. cash not represented by any other asset than the patents, the small value of which is probably included in the amount charged for goodwill. Of this not insignificant sum the Westminster Syndicate takes £74,485 in cash, and on the very brave assumption that the public will make it a present of that trifle, it appears even then that the original vendor is to receive £98,647 13s. 8d. more than an ordinary business man would consider him entitled to, not to speak of the excessive amount paid for goodwill.

In addition to the £75,400 cash to be paid to the Westminster Syndicate for its services, £24,600 is to be paid to it by the Company for underwriting.

We do not observe on the directorate a single person with experience or influence in the motor world.

The Dartford Brewery.—The Report and its Lessons.

Since last we directed attention to the affairs of this Company, the report has been issued, and bears out our forecast of it. Profits continue to shrink, and are likely to do so until there is a radical change in the management. The general meeting is to be held on the 15th inst., when it may be expected that the Chairman will say something about the dismissal of Mr. Warde, and there is to be an extraordinary meeting for the purpose of ejecting him from the Board of Directors.

Meantime it may be noted that Mr. Warde's salary and commission as Managing Director for the past year amounted to £3,171 17s. 4d. In addition to this he has his share of directors' and trustees' fees, £2,052, so that he has been drawing an amount nearly equal to 2 per cent. on the ordinary capital. Mr. Bartram's salary as Assistant Managing Director is shown at £500, making the total for directors of £5,723. Compare this with £5,164 for all the other salaries, and the whole wages paid by the Brewery, and it will be seen that the directors between them have taken £559 more than the rest of the staff put together. Then there is an item of £16,153 for "sundry charges on trade." This item needs dissection. It would probably be found to include a large sum for needless litigation. The amounts allowed for reserve and depreciation are quite inadequate, and it may well be doubted whether the ordinary dividend of 6 per cent. really has been earned.

It may be hoped that at the coming general meeting shareholders will seek for information as to whether the amount allowed for depreciation is sufficient, having regard to the dilapidated state of most of the houses. Then as to law costs, what portion of this sum might have been saved had the matters in dispute been treated in a business-like way, and with a desire for amicable settlement? It would be interesting to know how often the late manager called on the tenants. Our information is that some of them have never seen him, and a good many of the rest not more than once in two years.

It should be impressed upon the Board that in order to get a good class of tenants it is necessary that the form of agreement should be altered materially. At present, in the hands of an unscrupulous manager, the form gives great power, and the law assists him to carry out his wishes. The tenancy is for three months only, and a man can enter into possession to-day and receive three months' notice to quit to-morrow. Nor need the Manager accept any responsible tenant whose name is submitted to him to succeed the outgoing tenant. The time expires, the Brewery takes possession, and the ejected tenant is glad to take what he can get.

The remedy is simple. Tenancies should be yearly. Should it be necessary to give a tenant notice, this should come from a full board of Directors, and not from the Manager only. The tenant should have the right to state his case before the Board, the Brewery should be compelled to accept any responsible tenant brought along, and the outgoing tenant should be allowed to take at least the amount he paid going in. It may be noted that some magistrates will not grant transfer of licenses of tenancies for less than a year, but they are in the minority.

The late Managing Director of the Dartford Brewery, not content with giving notice and ejecting tenants upon very slender grounds, would not give references when these same tenants applied to other brewers for houses, his reply being, "Decline to answer." This, of course, blocked many poor men from getting fresh places. Many brewers will not accept a tenant unless he can produce good references from his last brewer. We shall be much surprised if the extraordinary general meeting reinstates the Managing Director of this concern.

NEW ISSUES.

The Ethiopian Rain Proof Monopoly Company, Limited, has been formed with a capital of £100,000, of which the public are now asked to subscribe £60,000, to acquire and work a concession which is supposed to give "the right to import and sell in Abyssinia all kinds of waterproof cotton goods and other rainproof material of whatever nature." The prospectus does not satisfy us that any such monopoly has been given.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

No notice can be taken of anonymous communications.

Purchase of Business.—Veritas (Hessle).—What you seem to want is a sleeping partner. The business is hardly big enough for a company, and we suggest that you should advertise in the *Drapers' Record*, a paper which circulates extensively amongst the kind of people who might be disposed to join in the purchase of the business.

The Butterfly Mine.—Interested (Leeds).—Better leave it alone.

International Stock Exchange.—W. O. (Salop).—We note what you say, and have returned your papers under cover.

Canadian Pacifics.—N. H. (Ashford).—We think Canadian Pacifics will go higher again by and bye, but, having made a very handsome profit, we should take it

Edinburgh District Motor Omnibus Company.—A. L. K. (Edinburgh).—We are obliged to you for the cutting and for the copy of further correspondence. We are glad to hear that the motor 'buses have begun running at last, and that they seem to be doing a "very fair business."

New York Insurance Company.—Cumberland (Dalston).—We do not agree with the advice that has been given to you by your friend. Having paid £270 in premiums, we think you should go on. There is no question as to the solvency of the company. At the same time, if you ever think of insuring further, we advise you to choose an English office.

Price of Consols.—Perplexed (Barnstaple)—It is impossible to say "whether Consols have touched their lowest." That must depend upon many things, policy being not the least of them. Given a great European war you would see them a good deal lower than they have ever been in your lifetime.

Harmony Props.—H. J. W. (Newport).—You should not touch them.

Commonwealth Steamship Company.—J. A. S. (Newcastle).—We have no information respecting this company, but, having regard to the fact that your brother held the shares for some years and never received a dividend, and remembering the present condition of the steamship trade, we should think you could hardly go wrong in accepting any offer for the shares that may be made to you. But it might be wise to make an inquiry or two as to the company in Cardiff.

Linotype and Machinery Shares.—P. H. R. (Dudley)—The company did better last year, and possibly the preference dividend will be paid next year, in which case the shares are cheap at their present quotation. But we have not much faith in the company recovering anything like its old position.

Outside Broker.—A. A. (Mountain Ash).—(1) Have nothing to do with the person you name, whose doings have been exposed more than once in these columns. (2) We will look into the other matter.

6½ PER CENT. INTEREST

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CANADIAN INDUSTRIAL PREFERENCE STOCKS.

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Archer J. Secretan, 79, Cornhill, London, E.C.

NITRATE SHARES.—P. H. R. (Dudley).—You could not go very far wrong in buying the shares you mention. The reports of nitrate companies now coming to hand show great prosperity, but the statement made by the Chilian Minister of Finance as to new deposits is a little disturbing. We will bear in mind your suggestion.

A. EVEREST AND CO.—H. B. (Brixton Hill).—Quite likely, but we advise you not to take advantage of Messrs. Everest and Co.'s obliging offer to sell you 150 ordinary shares of Meters, Limited, for £142 2s. 6d.

BARNUM AND BAILEY.—F. O. F. (Bridlington).—We should sell.

UNIVERSAL STOCK EXCHANGE.—E. G. P. (Plymouth).—(1) You may rely upon their meeting their obligations. See our reply to A. C., in our last issue. (2) We should keep the railway stock

LONDON PROVIDENT BOND.—S. R. (Brighton).—It is not what we should consider "a fair offer," but what the company has undertaken to pay. You will find that stated upon your papers, and, of course, they would tell you at the office. They do not undertake to pay any surrender value until the bond has been running five years.

PROVIDENT (FREE HOMES) ASSOCIATION.—C. H. M. (Bexley Heath).—We shall be glad to have the figures.

HOMESTEADS, LIMITED.—D. T. W. (Swansea).—This is a thoroughly respectable company. We know nothing of the insurance concern you name.

EAST RAND COAL AND MINING COMPANY.—A. M. N. (Sidcup).—The reply to both your questions is in the negative.

MURCHISON PROPRIETARY (TRANSVAAL), LIMITED.—J. E. E. (Forestpatch).—Your experience with the Leydsdorp should be sufficient. We would rather have the penny than the share. Better steer clear of reconstructions.

THE EAST RAND CONSOLIDATED, LIMITED.—F. M. (Camberwell).—This company was registered in February, 1903, and its address is Mansion House Chambers, E.C.

STANDARD LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.—T. W. W. (Durham).—We have received the correspondence and reports, and will go into the matter. The "with profits" policy-holders seem to have a strong case against the action of the directors, but you are, of course, aware that expert authority is not all on your side.

WILLIAM TYLER AND CO.—S. T. (Dundee).—We hope the result of your transaction with these people will save you from further dealings with them, or their like.

CHARTERED.—LADYSMITH (Blairhill).—We should take advantage of any rise to sell. Even now we consider the quotation much too high, having regard to merits.

FOUR SHARES.—BILBO (Ipswich).—Hold Maple's and Lyons'; sell the others.

EDINBURGH MOTOR OMNIBUS COMPANY.—A. B. C. (Richmond).—(1) We have no information that they are going into liquidation; nor do we know that shareholders are taking action for return of their moneys. (2) We certainly advise you to sell if you can get 10s. a share, but we have not the name of the broker who offered this price to our Edinburgh correspondent.

ALEX. FERGUSON, LIMITED.—WHISKY (Blackpool).—We do not know what has been done in the matter. Why not write to the liquidator?

HEARTS OF OAK BUILDING SOCIETY.—ALAIC (Balham).—(1) Absolutely "secure." It is one of the greatest of the Building Societies. (2) The Birkbeck Bank is as "safe" as any bank in the kingdom. (3) There is no difficulty whatever in getting 3 per cent. Trustees' stocks will give you that, and over. (4) We have little faith in the future of Kent Coal Consolidated, although there are persons who ought to know who are genuinely sanguine as to the prospects of the company.

CHARING CROSS BANK.—G. S. (Newcastle).—The Charing Cross "Bank" pays the high rates of interest you name because it does its business on usurious terms. As to whether you should deposit with them, we can only say, as we have said before many times, that we believe them to be financially sound, but we never recommend those who ask our advice to deposit upon such high rates of interest.

LONDON AND DISTRICT MOTOR 'BUS CO.—CONSTANT READER (Putney).—We should hold them on the off chance.

ARTIFICIAL CAMPHOR.—ANON. (Plaistow).—We have no information as to the value of the artificial camphor to be exploited by the Borneo Artificial Camphor Syndicate. You would be foolish to risk money in a venture of the kind.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—W. M. G. (York).—Yes, we know a good deal about the firm in question. Have nothing to do with them.

BULUWAYO EXPLORATION CO.—BULLOCK (Swansea).—(1) See our answer to Wales in JOHN BULL of November 10. (2) We think so, but we will make inquiry and let you know.

LONDON ASSOCIATION OF ACCOUNTANTS.—J'ESPERE (London).—(1) Membership, any way, can do no harm. (2) As to the best investment, much depends upon what interest would satisfy you. Let us know, and we will answer your question.

SIMMER AND JACK.—J. M. (Streatham Common).—You should hold. There is considerable improvement in the outlook, and the experts promise improvement in dividends.

TRAMWAYS COMPANY, BRISTOL.—J. W. E. (West Ealing).—There have been mistakes, but we should be inclined to hold for the present in the hope of recovery.

NATIONAL FREE HOMES, LTD.—C. E. (Harrogate).—No.

ANCIENT ORDER OF FORESTERS.—We thank you for the balance-sheet, which we will look into and return later on.

NEW YORK INSURANCE COMPANY.—J. L. (Huddersfield).—The address of the International Policy-Holders' Committee (British Section) is 34, Old Broad Street, E.C., and letters should be addressed to the honorary secretary (Mr. Robertson Lawson).

TWO MINING SHARES.—G. W. (Bedford Square).—Your "regular S.E. broker" advised you very badly when he counselled you to put your money into the shares of the two companies you name. We do not agree with him when he tells you that "the investment will come round all right."

L. S. AND MORDAN.—M. H. E. (Brondesbury).—It would be only throwing good money after bad to employ a solicitor to take steps for the recovery of the money you sent these people. They are bankrupt, and obviously the guarantee to which you refer is quite worthless. We are bound to say that you deserve little sympathy for being misled by persons, utter strangers to you, who promise you a return of £20 for every £1 you send them, and guarantee you against loss.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—E. F. C. (Arbroath).—We cannot advise you to sacrifice the money you have paid in, as you would do if on a four years' subscription you allowed the policy to lapse. There is no doubt that the association is financially sound.

STATE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.—C. L. P. (Brighton).—There is no occasion for anxiety. The company was hard hit by the San Francisco fire, but its resources are ample to meet its obligations, and its general business is prosperous.

INVESTMENT OF £500.—M. H. (Manchester).—We will let you know next week.

BIRKBECK BUILDING SOCIETY.—DESMO (Southsea).—It is well managed. We have no doubt the calculation you give is correct. The address of the Society is Birkbeck Bank Chambers, E.C.

CONTINENTAL BONDS.—D. J. T. (Briton Ferry).—(1) We cannot advise you to deal with the people you name. We never advise purchase of these Continental bonds, but if you have a fancy for them we advise you to go to Messrs. Keiser and Co., of 29, Threadneedle Street, E.C., who will sell to you at the market price, and who watch the drawings of all bonds purchased from them that they may acquaint their customers when drawn. (2) Better not touch La Luz Mining shares.

MIDLAND RAILWAY 2½ PER CENT. PREF. PREF.—F. B. M. (Streatham).—There is not likely to be any very appreciable rise. At its present price the stock yields about £3 10s. per cent. (2) Your geographical conditions for your investment of £1,200 are rather fanciful, and you would have some difficulty in getting "6 per cent. all round."

BRITISH HOMES ASSURANCE CORPORATION.—BRIDGE (England).—Your hesitation does you credit, but we know of no sufficient reason why you should not become a medical examining officer in this Society.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—MALAY (Blomfield Crescent).—They are very respectable people, who may be relied upon to keep their engagements.

MARTIN BULL AND CO.—W. E. P. (Southsea).—The method of procedure is as you suggest, and no doubt spinsters are favourite prey of these land sharks.

TEMPERANCE BUILDING SOCIETY.—H. W. T. (Balham).—It is a Society of high standing.

WITHDRAWAL FROM BUILDING SOCIETY.—GOODMAYES (Ilford).—We see nothing unusual in the intimation you have received from the Building Society. We presume the 5 per cent. was part of your contract, and payment in rotation is the ordinary method of withdrawal.

STANDING OF COMPANY.—MARPLE (Stockport).—Our "candid opinion" is that you should steer clear of the company named.

THE C.A.S. PUNCH AND TICKET COMPANY, LIMITED.—J. H. (Bloemfontein).—(1) There is no quotation for the shares of this company, and the report and accounts you send us are a sufficient explanation of this, apart from the comparative smallness of the capital. This document must have satisfied you that the shares of the company are of no value. (2) It is very pleasant to have your good wishes, and to hear that JOHN BULL has its admirers in Bloemfontein, as elsewhere throughout the Empire. We reciprocate your good wishes, and shall be glad to hear from you at any time you have anything of interest to tell us, or when we can be of service to you in any little matter on this side.

METROPOLITAN 3½ PER CENT. STOCK.—MARINER (Shoreham).—Yes, at its present price it would give about £3 8s. per cent. Any post-office will give you the other particulars you want.

TWO SHARES.—CARMANIA (London).—The first company is being reconstructed, the shares of the second are of no value.

PAYMENT OF DIVIDENDS.—ALGOA (Bournemouth).—Preference shares, as their name implies, must be paid what is due upon them before ordinary shares get anything, and ordinary shares receive a dividend before the deferred can get anything. In the event of liquidation, it depends upon the constitution of the company whether the preference holders come first in the distribution of assets.

SHANSI.—ROBINHOOD (Nottingham).—(1) Sell. (2) We should hold Slaters, for the present any way.

LOAN FOR £20.—A. P. (Croydon).—Under the conditions named you will have difficulty in raising the money. If it is at all possible to do without it, you would do well to bear a present pinch, even though you found someone willing to lend it at "good interest."

FARROW'S BANK.—BARQUERO (Tooting).—As you no doubt know, this is not a bank in the ordinary sense. It was founded for the purpose of making small loans upon favourable terms to people who otherwise might go to usurers. We cannot speak to its financial strength, but its managing director is well and favourably known.

UNITED KINGDOM TEMPERANCE AND GENERAL PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.—O. K. (Edinburgh).—Yes, it is in the first rank.

BRITISH HOMES ASSURANCE CORPORATION.—J. K. L. (Middlesbro').—Our inquiries satisfy us that the company is sound, although at present they have not a superfluity of cash. They are building up a big business, but we think they might advantageously cut down directorate expenses, some £3,000, which represents 4 per cent. on their issued capital.

AMERICAN STOCKS.—D. S. (Llandovery).—We cannot undertake to give you the daily quotations of these stocks for three weeks. Your request is unreasonable. If you want such information, search a file of a daily newspaper.

THREE INSURANCE COMPANIES.—DUBIOUS (Manchester).—Probably you would get better terms as an agent from the Pearl than from the Refuge or Prudential, but you can easily ascertain by inquiry at headquarters.

DUNDERLAND IRON ORE COMPANY.—IRON (Bristol).—Yes, we think the shares a promising speculative purchase. The company has been much longer getting into working order than was expected, and the expenditure has been heavier than was anticipated, but the Board is an eminently practical one, and experts speak highly of the prospects of the company. But, as matters stand, the shares are, of course, very speculative.

MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL.—BULLITE (Nottingham).—If your friend will hand them over to you for a nominal sum, well and good. It must be many years before they enter the dividend-paying list.

LIFE AND HEALTH ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION.—LIABILITY (Leytonstone).—Established in 1890, it is a very small concern, with a premium income last year, less re-insurance, of only £24,651, mostly got from casualty business. Its total income for 1905 was £25,500, and its total outgo £28,772, the amount of its funds at the end of the year being £3,188. Upon these facts you must judge for yourself.

PROVIDENT ASSURANCE COMPANY.—J. S. H.—Yes, quite sound.

LIVERPOOL VICTORIA LEGAL AND GENERAL FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—H. M. S. (Glasgow).—Certainly: the change in status does not affect the solvency of the company.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.—CHORISTER (Exeter).—We should continue the payments. Notwithstanding recent troubles, the company has ample funds to meet its engagements. But if you want any new insurance, go to an English company.

TWO SHARES.—G. McW. (Bedford).—We can only advise you to sell for what they will bring, and cut the loss.

CHARING CROSS BANK.—B.—This "bank" lends on household furniture and the like, and charging very high rates of interest, is able to pay handsomely for deposits. Our information is that it is financially sound, but we never recommend depositing at such high rates of interest.

A GOOD "LOCK-UP."—J. B. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—As you have no immediate use for the money, and are not likely to want it for another ten years, we think Grand Trunk ordinary might well be bought with your £500. It should give you handsome interest in the way of appreciation of capital before the ten years are up.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—H. H. (Birmingham).—Baron Profumo was the founder of the Association, and is still its managing director. We do not know why your friend should distrust him. There is no doubt whatever about the financial strength of the Association, and, if you are satisfied with the price, we know of no good reason why you should not take over the Bond from your acquaintance.

LEGAL AND GENERAL FINANCE COMPANY.—PANNAK (Corwen).—Have nothing to do with these people and their Bonanzas.

SAN PAULO.—"UNSETTLED" (Wavertree).—A very sound security, but we should choose something nearer home for the second investment.

THE BOTTALACK MINES, LIMITED.—J. B. (Cheltenham).—You are quite right in assuming that the Companies Act, 1900, Section 10, requires the amount payable in cash, shares, or debentures to the vendor to be stated, and where there is more than one separate vendor, or the company is a sub-purchaser, the amount so payable to each vendor; but then the prospectus of the Bottalack Mines, Limited, does give this information on page 3, where it says "the purchase price payable to the vendors . . . is £40,000."

THE DARTFORD BREWERY.—SHAREHOLDER (Bromley).—(1) The report is out. See our comments elsewhere. (2) There can be no doubt that the very harsh and, as they think, unfair treatment of many clients of the Brewery has prejudicially affected sales, but, of course, the whole Board must share the responsibility, even if Mr. Warde has been the moving spirit. (3) As to the causes of the quarrel between him and the other directors, there are many rumours, but we are not in a position to give currency to them. Perhaps the chairman of the company will have something to say on the subject at the general meeting.

DARTFORD BREWERY.—F. K. (Tonbridge).—Better wait to hear what the chairman has to say at the meeting on the 15th. There are likely to be lively scenes at the extraordinary general meeting called to procure Mr. Warde's removal from the Board as a director.

JOHN BULL IN THE COURTS

Motor Drivers and Accidents.

Our attention has been directed to the report of a motor driver's suit for compensation for accident, which appeared in the London papers on November 1st. It was tried at the Brompton County Court, and the judge described it as of considerable importance inasmuch as it dealt for the first time with the position occupied by motor drivers in relation to the Employers' Liability Act. The plaintiff was about to drive his motor 'bus from the depôt at Farm Lane, Fulham, when the starting handle, of which he had previously complained, failed to release itself automatically, as it should have done, and the engine started and spun it at about 900 revolutions a minute. The handle struck Legge's arm and broke it badly. It was urged for the plaintiff that he was employed in manual labour within the meaning of the Act. It was shown that his left foot controlled a clutch and a foot brake, and his right hand a hand brake. The left hand manipulated three levers—two for the speed and one for the engine release—and he had to look after the steering wheel, a lubricator, and an oil pump. He travelled 70 miles a day, and had when necessary to tighten bolts and adjust parts. The jury found that the plaintiff was a manual labourer within the meaning of the Act, and awarded him £50 damages. They added that in their opinion negligence and want of proper supervision had been proved. Unfortunately for the plaintiff, the County Court judge took a very decided view to the contrary. He agreed that the plaintiff was employed in manual labour within the meaning of the Employers' Liability Act, but he did not consider that negligence had been proved, and added the remarkable statement that he had "only heard the jury's verdict in order to save re-hearing of the case if a higher court sent it down again." Now the plaintiff, a working man, has to go to the Court of Appeal to get redress. Probably the Court will give it to him, so far as it has the power, but why should he be put to the worry and expense of going there? What right has the County Court judge to over-ride a verdict because he differs from the jury as to whether there has been negligence or not? That is a matter for the jury, not for him.

Untried Prisoners.

We wonder how many of the people who have been wasting sympathy upon the termagents, notoriety hunters, and well-meaning but silly women sent to gaol for persistent brawling have ever entered a protest against, or lifted a finger to end the barbarous practice of keeping untried men (and women) in prison for months? Last week a man was tried before Mr. Justice Walton who had been in prison five months before he was brought to trial. During these months he had been confined to his cell twenty-two hours out of every twenty-four. (This on the authority of the Governor of the prison.) It so happened that the man was guilty of the offence with which he had been charged. But what if he had been innocent? Five months of practically solitary confinement, five months of punishment that would have sent some men mad, and all for no offence, simply because the police had blundered, and a dunderheaded magistrate could see no farther than his nose. Finally, the man is discharged, but there is never a suggestion of compensation. He was confined by due form of law, and by due form of law he is released, but as to the wrong done him by the State he might as well expect redress as a Congo trader at loggerheads with Belgian officials. Do not let it be supposed that it is a very rare occurrence for an untried man in gaol to be innocent. The latest volume of Criminal Statistics gives 18 persons as acquitted at the Assizes in 1904 after being kept in prison for over four months. But the people who are howling themselves hoarse because some women brawlers, after trial and conviction, have been sent to gaol, since they would not pay a moderate fine, listen unmoved when the system that makes it possible to keep innocent men in gaol for months is denounced. Truly, we English are a strange folk.

"If Occasion Offers."

In our last issue a correspondent directed attention to the pernicious Order in Council which has practically nullified the County Courts Act of 1903, and showed that if that Act had been allowed to operate as the Legislature intended it should, it would have removed 69 per cent. of King's Bench cases—taking the official figures for 1904—into the County Court, and in this way given immense relief to the High Court. Questioned on the point in Parliament the Attorney-General virtually admitted this to be the case. He did not think the cancelment of the Order in Council would "quite" do what our correspondent said it would do, but largely he was in agreement. If so, why keep the Order in force? Next day the Attorney-General was questioned as to imprisonment for debt. Again his reply was sympathetic. "The Lord Chancellor," he said, "has given the subject the most sympathetic consideration." More, "he heartily approves of some amendment of the law," and "he is quite prepared, if occasion offers, to introduce legislation." If occasion offers! The lists in the High Court are crowded with cases that cannot be heard because of arrears; the cancelment of an Order in Council would give immediate and great relief by relegating what is now the work of five or six judges to inferior courts, but the Order is not to be cancelled, though the relief the cancelment would give is not disputed. Thousands of debtors are sent to gaol every year, again contrary to the intention of Parliament, and the Lord Chancellor is sympathetic, admits the wrong, promises some day to right it, but only "if occasion offers." What is the "occasion" that must "offer" before this scandal can be dealt with? A one-clause Bill would do it. Who would oppose it in either House? Not a handful in both. Yet no effort is to be made to pass such a Bill. We could have sworn that Robert Threshie Reid would have put his hand to the plough and coupled his name with the rooting out of grievous abuse, and the reform of archaic procedure. But Lord Loreburn? Well, physically, and in his robes, he bears a striking resemblance to his predecessor, and we are really beginning to think the resemblance does not end there.

LEGAL ANSWERS.

[We only undertake to answer short legal questions in this column. In all cases where complicated questions, involving the consideration of documents, are put to us a fee of 5s. must accompany the inquiry.]

Domicile.—A. F. M.—Where the father is German and the mother English, a child born in London is a British subject. The case would be exactly the same if the father had been born in London of foreign parents. He would have been English, and his children English. The general principle is that a person is a subject of the country in which he is born.

Formalities of Marriage.—C. E. A.—The banns will have to be posted up for three weeks in the town where the man lives, and also where the lady lives, but if you get a licence the "banns" will only have to be posted for one day. When the notices have been posted as required, you can get married anywhere, provided that you give notice in advance of the place where you wish to be married, so that the necessary formalities can be gone through as to the posting of notices.

Payment of Bill of Costs.—E. H. H. (Brixton).—You employed the solicitor to do work for you, and you cannot expect him to do it for nothing. If he renders a bill of costs to you, and you do not pay it, he can sue you, and you have no defence.

Neighbours and Drains.—Drain (Glos.).—If the man has enjoyed the right to the easement on paying the rent for twenty years, you cannot disturb him. If he has not, your best course is to give him reasonable notice (say, three months) to end the arrangement, and you will thus prevent him acquiring an indefeasible right. You are entitled to raise the rent if he has not enjoyed the easement for twenty years, and any reasonable notice is enough.

Imprisonment for Debt.—Committal.—A committal order can be made against an undischarged bankrupt as much as against any other person. A debt incurred after the bankruptcy is not extinguished by the discharge of the bankrupt.

Dogs' Licences.—Inquirer (Margate).—Separate licences are requisite for each dog. Not under six months of age, but afterwards.

Separation and Custody of Children.—Thompson (Haggerston).—In cases of voluntary separation it is usual to provide for the custody, support, and education of the children of the marriage; also access to them.

Repairing Covenant.—Druce (Oakham).—It all depends upon the wording of the repairing covenants in the lease. If you will send us a copy we will advise you.

Condonation.—Edmond (Harrogate).—Condonation where there is a subsequent similar offence committed is no answer to the petition.

Division of Property.—White (Dawlish).—Freeholds to the eldest son as heir-at-law, subject to dower (if any), one-third of personal property to the widow, and remaining two-thirds to the children.

Desertion and Separation Order.—Compton (Newbury).—It is an open question whether there can be desertion after a magistrate's separation order. A recent case decided that these could not; probably that decision will be reviewed.

Tithes and First Fruits.—Davis (Cromer).—Both tithes and first fruits will be apportioned as from the date of the resignation of the benefice.

Committal Order.—Sarson (Exmouth).—You must prove means of payment since the date of the judgment before you are entitled to the order you ask for. Probably the debtor will be present, and you can examine him.

School Notice.—Bernard (Reading).—She is entitled to claim one year's fees in lieu of notice. The conditions are usually printed on the school prospectus, and you agreed to them when your daughter was first sent to the school.

Liability of a Railway Company.—W. J. D. (Hornsey).—We question whether you can bring home liability to the railway company for the loss of the bag. Having regard to the circumstances, it is hardly reasonable to expect them to be responsible for its loss. What are the facts, as stated by you? Having to wait at Chester Station some forty minutes for a train, you hand a suit-case and a handbag to a porter "to carry across and to be put into a continuing train." These articles, you say, "were safely held for thirty minutes, when they were left unattended for a moment on the truck on which they had been placed by the porter, and on his return the handbag was missing." This handbag, it seems, had in it articles which you value at £55, and which included £40 in gold. Well, really, if people keep forty sovereigns in a handbag, and hand the handbag to a porter to keep for forty minutes, and the porter, with the knowledge and assent of the owner, puts the bag on a truck, and having stood by it for thirty minutes, leaves it and loses it within the next ten minutes, the blame and responsibility should, surely, rest with the owner of that bag.

Finlay (Ramsgate).—You cannot avoid your liability by not occupying the rooms. They were taken for the fixed period.

(Many answers held over.)

AMONG THE BOOKS.

By Frank Harris.

[*Our brilliant literary and dramatic critic reviews the late Mr. Eugene Politovsky's interesting book.*]

"From Libau to Tsushima." By Eugene Politovsky. (John Murray.)

This is an astonishing work. The writer, though a young man of barely thirty, was Engineer-in-Chief to the Squadron which, under the command of Admiral Rodjestvensky, set forth from Libau and was destroyed on the other side of the world by the Japanese fleet, at Tsushima.

The book consists simply of a sort of diary or series of letters written by Politovsky to his wife, and as he was killed himself in the battleship "Suvaroff," it ends with a little bitter note written by Madame Politovsky, who tells how the sailors saved the "valuable" life of Admiral Rodjestvensky and left the Engineer Politovsky, who was down below at work, to his death in the doomed ship.

A mere diary of a fleet's voyage half round the world: there is nothing in it about the great battle: there is no art in the writing: it is hardly more than a report of what went on from day to day, and yet it has in it the sordid details, and, as it were, the premonition of supreme disaster. It contains, besides, a half-conscious revelation of the weaknesses of the Russian character, and gives little glimpses of a life so different from the life of English men, and, above all, of English sailors, that it is interesting to a high degree.

British Indignation.

We all remember, of course, how angry England got when this Russian fleet fired upon our fishermen in the North Sea and killed four or five innocent people. Some of us tried to still the rage of anger which followed on the news by insisting that accidents would happen in war-time, must indeed happen, and should be treated as accidents and not as the insults of unmotived arrogance. In the nick of time Madame Novikoff recalled the fact that English sailors in China had fired by mistake on Russian soldiers, and had killed five or six of them, and that as soon as the English Admiral tendered his apologies and explained the dreadful accident, the Russian commander immediately accepted the explanation and the incident was closed without further heat. But in this book of Politovsky's we see how the North Sea incident took place, and how right we were in assuming on the Russian ships a state of excitement, a nervous jumpiness which might have produced still more offensive accidents. These Russian sailors from the very beginning conjured suspicious vessels from the vasty deep, and when scarcely out of sight of their own harbours, saw Japanese torpedo-boats in every harmless trading-craft. Here is a little note of Politovsky's when they are still in the Baltic, which explains everything :—

"8 p.m. Panic prevails on board. Everyone examines the sea intently. The weather is glorious. It is warm. There is moonlight. The slightest suspicious-looking spot in the water is carefully watched. The guns are loaded. The crew are standing about on deck. One half will sleep at their guns without undressing; the other half and officers will keep watch to-night. It is curious that we are so far from the theatre of war and yet so much alarmed. The crew treat the matter seriously."

Then the "Kamchatka" reports that she was attacked on all sides by eight torpedo-boats, evidently Japanese, early in the night of October 9th. On board the "Suvaroff" they imagine that one of these Japanese torpedo-boats is asking the position of the fleet, whereas it is, of course, one of their own ships signalling, and Politovsky wonders if the hostile torpedo-boats are still pursuing. The excitement is clearly on the increase; anxiety breeds anxiety. Here is Politovsky's account of how they came to fire on our fisher-folk :—

The North Sea Incident.

"About 1 a.m. they sounded off-quarters, having seen ships ahead. They let the ships get nearer, and then there began. . . .

"What it was words fail to describe! All the ships of our division were ablaze. The noise of the firing was incessant. The searchlights were turned on. I was on the after-bridge, and was positively blinded and deafened by the firing. I put my hands to my ears and bolted below. The rest I watched from the spar-deck, out of the accommodation-ladder port.

"A small steamer was rolling helplessly on the sea. One funnel, a bridge, and the red and black paint on her side were clearly visible. I saw no one on deck—they had probably hidden themselves below in terror. First one, then another projectile from our ship struck this unfortunate steamer. I saw there was an explosion. The order to cease firing was given, but the other ships continued to fire, and no doubt sank the steamer. A second and third steamer not having any one on deck rolled helplessly in the same fashion. The 'Suvaroff' did not fire on them."

The Russians were not so callous as the majority of Britons believed; Politovsky's comment shows this distinctly.

"Imagine the feelings of the people in these ships! They were, no doubt, fishermen. Now there will be a universal scandal. As a matter of fact they are to blame themselves. They must have known our fleet was coming, and they must have known the Japanese wished to destroy it. They saw the fleet. Why did they not cut adrift their nets, if they had them out, and get out of the way? The nets could be paid for afterwards.

"We shall find out at Brest what we have done. If it was not the 'Kamchatka,' but the Japanese, who asked the position of the fleet, they will now know where we are to be found. If that is the case, we must expect to be attacked to-night."

The English Fleet Escorts Them.

A week or so later, on October 20, when they are off the coast of Portugal, he tells how the English fleet escorted them all night. "They (the English ships) quickly assembled astern of our division and formed in battle order. Horrid folk! They are Russia's eternal enemy. They are cunning, powerful at sea, and insolent everywhere. All nations hate England, but it suits them to tolerate her. If you could only hear how furiously Spaniards abuse the English! They shake their fists and nearly foam at the mouth. If they only could, they would gladly play some low trick on them. How many impediments has this 'Ruler of the Seas' put on our voyage? Every impediment has come from Britannia." And then he gives a picture of the five Russian ships of his division surrounded by ten English ships: he tells how the crews didn't even undress at night, but slept at the guns, expecting an attack from the English, and says, "It is very trying for us."

This is all mad and stupid to us, as these insane national hatreds almost always are; but we were not much wiser in the way we treated the North Sea incident. Politovsky's remark when he passes the southern shores of England, shores faintly visible in the mist, makes one smile; but a little sadly.

"Yes, there was foggy Albion; involuntarily I pondered over this clod of earth—so powerful, so rich, so proud, and so ill-disposed towards us."

Russian Goodfellowship.

But some of the diary is delightful by reason of the goodfellowship between the officers and the crew. The ceremony of passing the line seems from his account to be conducted in Russian warships much as it is in English ships; but with one startling difference. The bath is prepared, and Neptune comes on board and shaves the new-comers and ducks them, and all the rest of it; but in the English ships only the common sailors are ducked, and here and there a young officer; but in the Russian ships the play knows no limit. "The sailors turn the hose on everyone, from the Admiral down to the ship's boy. . . . The water in the bath was clean in the beginning, but after the actors, who were painted had been ducked, it turned into God knows what colour. Nearly all the officers, the captain and the flag-captain were ducked and shaved. I and several others escaped the bath; nevertheless, I had not a dry spot on me. Any one who hid was hunted out and ducked." Politovsky concludes by saying that "The crew evidently enjoyed their holiday."

This is the bright side of life in Russia. The differences of class are not so rigidly observed as they are in England; there is more goodfellowship between the fortunate and the unfortunate, and more good feeling; but this is almost the only happy page in the book; immediately afterwards the gloom deepens again. The fleet puts in at Angra Pequena, a German port; Politovsky observes that although England ceded the port to Germany, two little islands just outside the port are still English. "It is astounding," he declares, "wherever you look on the map there are English possessions," and here, too, he notices that the Germans hate us and are not backward in expressing their hatred. "There is general hatred of England here, as well. She supplies with arms the natives whom the Germans are now going to subdue. She is evidently a country that tries to damage everyone and to do mischief everywhere."

Russian Shortcomings.

But Politovsky has soon so much to do with Russian shortcomings that he is only incidentally concerned with the

sins of Englishmen. At the very beginning of the voyage he notices that the ships have many defects, faults in construction which are almost incredible. A storm comes on; the sea rises; the ships begin to roll, and at once "the water comes into the cabins through badly closed ports and badly riveted sides! . . . The battleships, 'Suvaroff,' 'Alexander,' 'Borodino,' and 'Orel,' have many defects which could be remedied," and at the height of the storm: "Everything was tightly shut, but water came in everywhere. It poured in cascades on the upper deck, went into the turrets, stokeholds, engine-room, conning-tower, and even on to the bridge. . . . You could not breathe in the cabins; the atmosphere was like a steam-bath, if not worse." The faults in the construction of the ships are such that they cannot keep together. "The steamer 'Roland,'" he tells us, "was flooded with waves minute after minute; she had to increase speed to escape them, and disappeared out of sight of the fleet."

Russian Slackness.

It appears from this book that even in a squadron of five or six ships something was always wrong with one ship or another; now the engine of the "Malay" stopped, and there in the welter of waves she rolled helplessly while the fleet passed out of sight, and the Engineer-in-Chief wondered whether she was afloat or had gone to the bottom.

"The 'Kamchatka' complained of bad coal and dropped astern. Her captain, by signal, asked permission to throw overboard some 150 tons of bad coal. The admiral refused." And "No sooner is the tale of the 'Kamchatka' ended than the 'Suvaroff' lies motionless, having damaged her steering engine. It was repaired somehow, and we proceeded."

Day after day delays occurred, through the breakdown of this or that ship, and from beginning to end of the voyage the squadron scarcely made more than eight knots an hour.

The Slovenly Inefficience of the Russians.

But the faulty construction of the ships is more than balanced by the slovenly inefficience of the sailors themselves and their officers. Before the squadron has got beyond Madagascar the vessels seem to have been turned into a menagerie. Politovsky says:—

"More animals have made their appearance in the ship. They have brought a hare, a porcupine, and a dog from off the shore. Wherever you look now you see birds, beasts, or vermin. On deck oxen are standing ready to be slaughtered for meat, to say nothing of fowls, geese and ducks. In the cabins are monkeys, parrots, and chameleons."

Politovsky, who is ready enough to find fault with the fighting vessels and the sailors, draws no moral from this slackness. The officers, apparently, are allowed to fill their cabins with strange beasts, and the sailors follow suit in more moderate fashion. On board the "Suvaroff" a cow tore herself loose, "and galloped frantically about the deck. All the spectators fled wherever they could. She charged at the deck-house, where an officer was sitting writing. He had hardly time to shut and lock the door. Somehow or other they caught the cow, but her milk supply has ceased, owing to fright, and the calf is still young. They now feed him on condensed milk. We wonder if the milk will come back to the cow. We are all interested in the matter, and discuss it freely. Life on board is so dreary, dull and monotonous, that the most paltry trifles, which we would never dream of talking about on shore, become a ceaseless topic of conversation. If we could only get out of this mire."

It seems to me that this one page explains the Russian defeats and the Japanese victories. The whole scene reminds me of that captain in "Peter Simple," who used to keep pigs on board the frigate and feed them up for his private table: but, even then, this English ship was an exception, and what the captain did was not allowed to the officers, much less to the men. But here admirals, captains, officers and men play the fool in competition. The whole account reads like the story of the Swiss Family Robinson, and not like the happenings on board a warship going out to fight a foe like the Japanese.

"The flag-ship's torpedo officer received an order to get rid of his animals, for he had a cabin full: the senior staff officer, in whose cabin one of the monkeys had made himself a home, ventured to complain." The inefficience is absolutely incredible and leads to mutiny.

"A deplorably sad and stupid incident occurred in the 'Nachimoff' yesterday. Ships having no bakery on board obtain their bread, when at anchorage, from other ships or from the shore. They did not trouble about the matter in the 'Nachimoff.' The crew were living on rusks. Yesterday they demanded fresh bread. The affair spread, and the men offered passive resistance by not dismissing after prayers, though ordered to do so. There is now to be an inquiry. At other times, and under other conditions, some of the crew would have been distributed among the other ships, and some would have been shot—there would have been no other alternative. Now they are trying to hush the matter up. In spite of this, some will suffer."

We are reminded irresistibly of the incidents which brought about the famous mutiny at the Nore in our English ships a century ago. These Russian vessels seem to be two hundred years behind us in discipline, cleanliness, order, and practical efficience.

Disaster Foreseen.

During a long and inexplicable halt at Nosi Be, in Madagascar, these sins of inefficience seem to become clear even to Politovsky, and he begins to foresee defeat.

"It is very injurious for our ships being kept in Nosi Be. Their underwater parts will be covered with barnacles and waterweeds (commonly known as beard). Owing to this, ships steam considerably slower, and require a greater expenditure of coal, etc. The barnacles and beard have to be cleaned off in dock, and there are no docks available in this part of the world. Cleaning the underwater parts with the help of divers is slow and unsatisfactory. . . . . We shall arrive in the East with dirty ships, and the Japanese will meet us in clean ones. Our ships will have just made a long voyage, and theirs will come out of harbour. . . .

"Another fine thing is that the Japanese will raise our ships sunk at Port Arthur, repair them, and oppose them to us under their old names. They will strengthen their fleet in this way, and what a disgrace it will be, for Russia. Imagine the scene! Some 'Poltava' or 'Retvizan' will fire on the 'Suvaroff.' It is too disgusting to think of!"

And thus, bit by bit, Politovsky gets near the supreme word.

"The 'Apes' will Beat the 'Any-hows.'"

He tells how a sailor on this ship, and an officer on the other, goes mad: he tells also how the ward-room have made another acquisition: "they have obtained a small crocodile from somewhere. The 'Suvaroff' is positively becoming a sort of a menagerie!"

The post reaches the squadron haphazard; the letters sent last arrive first, the first letters have been left behind somewhere. "Everything on board is at six's-and-seven's. One part of the fleet is moving east, the other is somewhere behind us: remnants are being collected at Cronstadt and Libau. Can there be success under these conditions?" he asks; "there is no method or organisation anywhere. Among our enemies all is worked out, foreseen, calculated beforehand: they take war scientifically. With us it is the old system called 'perhaps,' and the old game of 'trusting to luck.' Is success likely to be on our side? No; the Apes will beat the 'any-hows.'"

The Truth

Towards the end of the book the vision becomes even clearer to Politovsky: he is filled with contempt for his admiral, Rodjestvensky, and he sees that if by any chance the Russian fleet conquers the Japanese fleet, the victory will be fruitless:—

"Even if the mastery of the sea remains with us, England and America will defend Japan, and Russia will retire, fearing war with these two countries. The war is bound to end to Russia's disadvantage. . . . Shame! Shame! We wallow in shame! How we jeered at the English during the Boer war, and at the Italians in their Abyssinian campaign! And now?"

The Last Gleam of Light.

At the last there is a gleam of light, a last gleam before the final shrouding darkness. Nebogatoff's squadron joins the squadron of Rodjestvensky off the coast of Annam. Nebogatoff comes on board the "Suvaroff" and greets Rodjestvensky with a kiss. The staff are invited to drink champagne to the happy re-union of the fleets. At table, Nebogatoff speaks of his voyage and its success. But almost at the same time Politovsky tells how, lying in bed in his own cabin, his toe is bitten by the rats which seem to over-run the ship, and the book ends, as we have seen, with the widowed wife's contemptuous sneer at the "valuable" life of Rodjestvensky.

But the end for Russia is not yet: defeat and disaster by land and sea have ended in a revolution and the breaking up of the autocracy. A Duma has been summoned, and has astonished everybody by its wisdom and moderation: it has been contemptuously dismissed, and now there is a pause before the forces of autocracy and democracy meet in a final shock. In spite of the fact that poor Politovsky thought all Englishmen were his enemies, we are inclined to believe that never has Russia had so many friends in England as she has to-day: friends who have faith in her future and in her greatness.

REMINISCENCES.

By Herbert Vivian.

In my former Reminiscences, published in the year of our Lord, 1889, I devoted a chapter to Oscar Wilde, whom I chanced to dislike. I immediately received an invitation to call upon Mr. Whistler, who chanced to dislike him still more.

JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER.

One of Whistler's main manias (and indeed he was very mad) lay in a meticulous, even feverish concern for every word printed about him. He went through my narrative with great care and corrected almost every reference to himself.

A Borrowed Lecture.

The origin of his differences with Wilde was in this wise. Wilde, having been invited to lecture on art (about which he knew nothing) asked Mr. Whistler what on earth he should say. Mr. Whistler expounded his views all through dinner, and Wilde, who had a memory like a phonograph, presently reeled off the points to an admiring audience. Unfortunately, however, he entirely forgot to mention his authority. Mr. Whistler then invited him to a large dinner party, and plied him with questions across the full length of the table with reference to his lecture. "Now, Oscar, tell us what you said to them," he persisted inflexibly, and the wretched creature had to repeat all the phrases, while Whistler rose and made solemn bows with his hand across his breast, in mock acceptance of his guests' applause. It was at this party that Mr. Whistler's famous epigram first saw the light. After one of his quips Wilde exclaimed, "Oh, Jimmy, I wish I had said that!" "Never mind, Oscar, you may be sure you will," was the crushing retort. The cruel part of the plagiarism lay in the fact that when Mr. Whistler published his "Ten O'clock," many people thought it had all been taken from Wilde's lecture.

The White Lock.

Mr. Whistler was a little, thin, wiry man, with a mass of curly hair, which I believe he spent hours in arranging every day. Originally it was very black, with the exception of one white lock, which he said was hereditary in his family. Others have declared it to be a sign of lunacy. When I first knew him, his hair was obviously dyed, with the exception of this white lock. His face was deeply lined and baggy. No one ever knew his age, but it must have been considerable, even so long ago as 1889. His dress was eccentric. At home he wore a little short jacket, a black tie about as big as a bootlace, and a child's straw hat. Out of doors he appeared in a very long Noah's-Ark overcoat and flourished a long thin cane. His voice was decidedly Yankee and very high-pitched. His laugh was his strangest possession, strident and rancous, not unlike that of a macaw. Both laugh and voice were extraordinarily penetrating, and there was no disguising his presence in a room or restaurant. He could be a very genial host, and was always an amusing companion, but in process of time he quarrelled with nearly everyone he knew.

Quarrels in Theatres.

His reckless disregard of public opinion was refreshing, and he seemed to delight in making his disputes as public as possible. They usually occurred in a theatre. When he fell out with me, I had come up to him in the stalls of the Empire, quite innocent of any offence. He cocked his eye-glass at me and surveyed me as though I were a perfect stranger. Then he pretended to remember me and hissed out my name so that it could be heard all over the house, and drowned the voices of the mummers. He continued to shout at me for some minutes, until at last I was able to explain that he had been misinformed about me. Then he apologised profusely, and the incident closed. But I never saw him again.

The Editor of the "Hawk."

One of his most resounding quarrels was with a man named Moore, who edited a scurrilous paper called the *Hawk*. Moore had written something unpleasant about Mr. Godwin, Mrs. Whistler's first husband. It was a strange relation to champion, but Whistler was as furious as though his own father had been traduced. He sought out Moore at Drury Lane Theatre, sprang upon him suddenly and struck at him with his little cane, ejaculating, "Hawk! Hawk! Hawk!" There was a slight scuffle, and the two men were quickly parted, but a violent conflict raged in the press for months after.

Whistler was delighted when I gave him the hospitality of the *Whirlwind* to strike Moore with his pen. He wrote several articles, but not under his own signature. Here are some choice fragments:—"I am of opinion that Mr. Whistler did the man far too high an honour in condescending to notice him . . . It was a first night at Drury Lane. Mr. Whistler's scent was true: the hawk was on the wing! . . . Mr. Moore, looking the picture of a detected criminal, waved his arms about wildly . . . Mr. Whistler tossed his card to the man. The incident was closed, the hawk had had his whipping. Mr. Moore proposes that Degas shall once have said, 'Whistler, you behave yourself just as if you had no talent at all.' I have the highest possible authority for stating that this anecdote is without a vestige of foundation in fact. . . . The boundless assurance of this self-constituted trovatore of garbage and purveyor of eaves-droppings to the supper-hells."

And in another number, under the heading "To sum up": "All the world knows that he has taken his caning with the noisy meekness of his kind . . . All the delightfully indifferent ones of London and Paris les Bains, whose appreciation alone is entertaining, know these things in spite of every effort on the part of newspapers of a raffish and doubtful complexion to hide the shame of their disgraced colleague."

Afterwards he wrote over his own name: "It is clearly proposed that I should entangle myself in endless 'copy,' as I am told it is called. I have written nothing, and as usual, it is for others to explain away what has occurred."

Whistler, the Writer.

He wrote very slowly, with enormous care. Every sentence, almost every word, would be altered at least a dozen times until the final polish satisfied him. His style was terse and effective, but for some reason or other he affected turns of phrase resembling a literal translation from the French. "Moore proposes that Degas shall once have said," affords a characteristic example. Mr. Whistler's writings were mainly restricted to letters of abuse. But on one occasion he wrote some reflections on Hokusai, made someone else copy and sign them, and had them published in the *Whirlwind*. Then he asked me what I thought of the article. I replied that it seemed rubbish, and I thought he would never cease laughing when he confessed to the authorship.

I will give one extract to justify my hasty criticism:—"Here are, and for two months to come, will be shown some of the works of Gwa-kio Rojin—the old man mad about drawing—for us to look upon with wonder. This for the simple, who by accident may dispense from remark by critic, which by habit they still have with them, is a restful room, a rare occasion; and to no one, not even to Ruskin—sublime and ridiculous—should occur the indecency of blaming the faults he fabricates, or of praising the drawing of which he is unaware; for only Gwa-kio Rojin could be dissatisfied with Hokusai." The point of this last sentence is that Gwa-kio Rojin (the old man mad about drawing) was another name for Hokusai.

Problems of Poverty.

Mr. Whistler contributed to the *Whirlwind* a series of lithographs, which he called "Songs on Stone, fresh from the Master's hand," and I understand they are now of some value. The sudden fashion for his work is difficult to explain, for he had the utmost difficulty in disposing of his paintings. I remember his telling me that he would be very glad to paint portraits at £40 each, but that this must only be mentioned to prospective patrons in confidence, lest it should keep his prices permanently down.

He was a child in money matters, and always in difficulties. There was generally a man with a short pipe in his back-garden. He had a very pleasant way with bailiffs, and even trained one to wait at table. One morning the man came to him while he was shaving, and said, "Please, sir, I want my money."—"What money?"—"My possession-money."—"Well, why don't they give it you?"—"Well, sir, I have to get it from you."—"Oh! that's unfortunate;

I've nothing to give you."—"That's very 'ard. I've a wife and family to keep, and my own rent to pay." Then Whistler had a happy thought, and he tapped the man on the chest. "I'll tell you what to do. Have a man in yourself!"

Another time Whistler issued invitations for a luncheon-party, and told his guests, "You will know the house by the posters outside, advertising the sale of my furniture."

Once when he was at Venice he made up his mind to commit suicide, but abandoned the idea because he disliked the colour of the water.

Epigrams.

Though his writings were elaborately-prepared impromptus, he was often very quick with repartees in conversation. I heard a Jew ask him airily, "How long does it take you to knock off one of your pictures, Mr. Whistler?" He put his head on one side and drawled: "Years and years and years."

Someone praised Leighton in his presence: "What an orator, what an unrivalled flow of eloquence, what picturesque language!"—"Ye—e—es."—"What a marvellous linguist! He speaks six languages with all the ease and —perfection of his own."—"Ye—e—es."—"What manners, what an air, what affability——"—"Um! Paints, too, don't he?"

One day when he had been asked to a wedding he telegraphed to the bridegroom, "I may be late, don't wait for me."

When he was invited to write an article on American artists for a trans-Atlantic magazine, he replied, "I can do it in five words: There are no American artists."

Dizzy's Tact.

He interested me most when he related how he made the acquaintance of Disraeli. Somebody or some public body, had told Whistler that if he could induce the statesman to sit to him he should have £1,500. So he telegraphed that he was coming and started post haste for Hughenden. On reaching the house he was sent to seek his host in the garden, where he found him feeding his peacocks. The greeting was cordial, even effusive. Dizzy lavished his choicest gems of wit and epigram. "He was immense," as Whistler expressed it in his vernacular. He spoke of everything but the object of the visit; but by the time the visitor had recollected himself to propound it, the flattering attentions had done their work, and the most abrupt refusal would have failed to irritate. However, Disraeli was as far as possible from being abrupt. "Mr. Whistler," he said in his most engaging accents, "I beg you to believe that if, on pain of decapitation, I were obliged to have my portrait painted, there is no artist by whom I would rather be immortalised than by yourself. But, alas! I have an invincible repugnance to sitting, and, for the present at any rate, I must ask you to excuse me. It is true," he added, "that I have given sittings to Mr. Millais. But that was at the express command of the Queen. And you know we live in an island. We never can tell the consequences of disobedience to the Sovereign. There is always a possibility that one may be carried off to the Tower, tied up in a sack and cast into the Thames." As they took leave, Disraeli held Whistler's hand a long time in his, staring him full in the face with his remote, oriental gaze. His last words were: "You are a very great man, Mr. Whistler."

OLD VALENTINE.

Oh, I could whisper thee a tale
That surely would thy pity move;
But what can idle words avail,
Unless the Heart could speak its love?

To tell that tale my tongue were weak,
My pen its office, too, denies;
Then mark it in my varying cheek,
And read it in my languid Eyes.

PROPOSED REPLY.

I don't believe a word you speak,
For every one's a Lie;
You're known by your *unvarying Cheek*;
Your languid Eyes are all my Eye.

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THE SALVATION ARMY.

An Inquiry into its Record, its Strength, its Finances, and its Present Position.

V.—THE SALVATION ARMY BUILDING ASSOCIATION.

A good deal is heard from time to time of the financial methods of the Army, and of the grip retained upon everything by General Booth. As to the latter point, we shall have something to say on another occasion, but here we propose to illustrate General Booth's peculiar methods by sketching the history of the Salvation Army Building Association, the first and only subsidiary concern connected with the Army not under the control of General Booth. Now this Association was formed in 1884, and had for its directors men of repute and character, who, though warm friends of the Army, and munificent supporters of it, were still independent directors, who could not be controlled or influenced by General Booth. For a time things went on smoothly. Originally the nominal capital of the Association was £50,000, divided into 10,000 shares of £5 each. In 1896 this capital was increased to £100,000, divided into 18,000 shares of £5 each, and 10,000 of £1 each. General Booth and his son, Bramwell Booth, held between them 500 shares, but neither was on the directorate. The directors were as below :—

J. KITCHEN, Esq., Chairman.
HEYWOOD SMITH Esq., M.A., M.D.
JOHN CORY, Esq., J.P.
R. LUKE, Esq.
P. E. STEWART, Esq.
Lieut.-Col. PEPPER.

There were a considerable number of members of the Association, large sums of money were received, and much of this money was lent to General Booth for the purposes of the Salvation Army. From the outset, and more particularly in the later years, General Booth tried to get his own nominees on the Board, but the directors would not have them, holding very properly that "they did not think the borrower and the lender should sit on the same authority." This statement was made by the chairman at the meeting on March 22, 1897, after General Booth had been unusually insistent as to his nominees being on the Board, and soon after—so soon, as it would seem, as he abandoned the hope of getting control—he discovered that he could get advances on more advantageous terms elsewhere than from the Building Association. The directors would not alter the terms upon which alone, as it seemed to them, money could be properly advanced, and as they did not see their way to do an ordinary outside business they decided to liquidate, to wind up the Association and return the monies to its members. But here they came to loggerheads with General Booth. The object of the directors was to repay shareholders their capital and interest with the least possible delay—the object of General Booth was to get into his hands the monies in possession of the Association. General Booth objected most strongly to the return of any portion of the money to the shareholders and depositors. He pressed a counter proposal of his own, and we cannot do better than describe it in the words of the chairman of the Association, Mr. Hitchin. General Booth's proposal, as described by Mr. Hitchin, was as below :—

> "That the directors should recommend the shareholders, individually, to give up their existing rights in the Association by handing over their certificates to General Booth in exchange for his personal bonds—a step which would have entirely destroyed the Association without the shareholders receiving any money back, and which would have taken all the power out of the hands of the directors—that then all the securities in the hands of the Association should be given back to him without any payments in cash (notwithstanding the stipulations contained in the mortgage deeds which he executed at the time he borrowed the money), and that after he had got all these properties into his own hands he should place what he terms "a sufficient number" out of these same properties in the names of three trustees (about whose independence and fitness for such an onerous task nothing was said). This "sufficient number" was to be subject to still further deductions from time to time at his hands as certain repayments were made."

The provision for the payment of the shareholders, as set forth in the proposal, was as follows :—

> "That the General should pay a certain fixed sum per annum towards the paying off of the bonds, a proportionate amount of the mortgaged property being released each year as this payment was made, the particular bondholders to be paid off each year being decided by ballot or by some other convenient method."

The directors refused to advise the shareholders to exchange their position as united investors in the Association, with proper legal safeguard, for that of separate creditors of General Booth, especially as his proposal gave no assured prospect that such bonds would be convertible into cash at any particular time.

Fortunately for shareholders, the directors were independent, able, and honest men; they were unmoved by General Booth's manœuvres, they ignored the abuse, for it was very little lesss, of the *War Cry*, and they proceeded with the liquidation, with the result that in January, 1899, a final meeting was held, and the shareholders received 20s. in the pound and a bonus. At this meeting the official who had acted as liquidator demonstrated how thoroughly the course recommended by the directors had been justified by the result. We say, without hesitation, that anyone who consults the records which give the history of the Salvation Army Building Association will rise from their perusal with a feeling that the Association was managed by men of high honour and integrity, and that the part played by General Booth was very discreditable to him. It is, as we have said, the first and last occasion upon which an institution allied to the Salvation Army has been worked independently of General Booth, and it is the one institution connected with the Army whose management can bear close and searching investigation.

With reference to our article of last week upon "Farm Colonies and Emigration," we have received the following communication. It is, of course, an *ex parte* statement, but our readers will, we think, agree with us that it deserves reply from the Salvation Army authorities :—

> "My son was invalided from the Army (H.M.) with a pension. The War Office allowed him to commute twelve months of it, and paid over to S.A. Emigration Department £10 to pay his passage to Winnipeg. He understood the S.A. would look after him when he got there. I myself wrote to S.A. Emigration Office asking if any of their officers would be at St. Pancras to take party to Glasgow, the port of departure. They replied in the affirmative. My son has since written to me from Canada, and informs me that from the time he left my door he has not seen an officer of S.A. No one met him either at St. Pancras or Glasgow, or on landing in Canada, and that all their talk about giving a helping hand on landing and after is simply bunkum—at least in his case. The S.A. is only an ordinary commercial undertaking, on sweating lines, trading under the cloak of religion."

(To be continued.)

JOHN BULL'S POST-CARDS.

[John Bull *drops a few post-cards to some of his friends and acquaintances.*]

To Miss Sylvia Pankhurst, Sufferingette.

Dear Miss Pankhurst,—I am glad to hear that you are out again, and no worse for the experience. You are too young to be a martyr, I think. But you take after your father. He was a fighter all his life. He was Manchester's reckless iconoclast, a Doctor of Laws, a barrister of local note, a man of ability and power, and not always the champion of popular causes. Like father, like daughter.

I have no doubt the diet *was* rather trying; but then, Holloway was always intended to encourage the Simple Life. However, the regulations as to plain living do not interfere with high thinking, and I am sure that your meditations while making fifteen bed sheets and a man's shirt must have been profound.

Then, of course, you had literature—"The Straight Path." "The Straight Path" is a good book, a very good book; if there were a week of Sundays it would suit every one of them. People reading "The Straight Path" feel better at once, though, curiously enough, this noble work is given less for joy than for punishment. As your punishment lightens, you get more worldly books. For instance, when you achieved a place in the first-class compartment, they let you read "Shakespeare" and the "Heart of Midlothian." Neither of these works is as good as "The Straight Path," but it gets on your nerves less.

Then there were the Clergy. The chaplain who based his remarks on a text exhorting women to subject themselves unto men must have made you laugh, though the doctrine is, I believe, Pauline. But then Paul knew something. He had fought with wild beasts at Ephesus. You would hardly like the curate better. He would be more thrilling, but less informative, no doubt. You say he preached on The Importance of Being a Saint; though I thought all the saints were dead. They say you took the martyrdom without a murmur. I applaud your resolution, and when another edition of the "Book of Martyrs" is called for, I will see you have a full-page illustration. Meanwhile, lie low a bit.

John Bull.

To Baron Alverstone, G.C.M.G., Lord Chief Justice of England.

My Lord,—Have just read your judgment on the important point whether a man in warning motorists of police traps is obstructing the police in the execution of their duty. It reminds me of the question which occupied the schoolmen of old Europe for years: "How many angels can dance on the point of a needle without jostling each other?" The dispute is not yet settled; but I do not anticipate that your lordship, being a lawyer, will ever be troubled with it.

I dislike motor scorchers, and I always keep out of their way. There is no room on this earth for them and for me, and they want to kill me to make room. The man who warns them that the police are about is, in my eyes, the enemy of his country. Therefore, though your decision is legally right, it seems to me morally wrong. Your lordship's unlearned brother, Ridley, does not often make a point; but when he put the query: "Suppose a man knows that the police are after some poachers and calls out, 'Look out. Here are the police,' does he obstruct the police then?" I incline to think he had the able, but irascible Danckwerts on the hip.

By-the-way, my lord, supposing the distance between London and Manchester to be 183½ miles, and the price of new-laid eggs eight for a shilling when margarine is at 10d. a pound and bread 4½d. the 4lb. loaf, what is the legal position of a man who sells soap at 15 oz. to the pound when cigars run to seven for a shilling, and the foot speed of a policeman over a measured mile is equal to a yard a minute, timed by a stop watch? This problem interests me a great deal more at present than the one your lordship and your lordship's brethren have been called upon to decide. I await your answer with emotion.

John Bull.

To Mr. William Rando'ph Hearst, New York.

Say; sorry to see you are snowed under in your fight for the Governorship, not because I believe in your sincerity, but because the principles you advocate are "bang up" against the Trusts, and the boodlers and other similar incarnations of iniquity which grip your beloved country without shame, without scruple, and without remorse.

I know something of election contests myself, but I cannot for a moment recall one which equals in bad eggs, bad language, and bad manners that in which you have been engaged. Your opponents have described you as a blackguard, a cockroach, a gaolbird, an American Boulanger, a jackal, an idiot, and an anarchist, and you and your friends have retorted with sneak-thief, liar, plunderbund, poltroon, spotty attorney, and waterbug. What the religion of any of you is I do not know, yet I suppose the census return describes you as Christians. But probably the weapons were suited to the fight. One cannot go into a Yankee election with white kid gloves and a scent bottle. You've put up a hard, plucky fight, "anyway," and I am sorry you are at the bottom of the counting; I do not say of the poll, for in New York you never, never know, you know. As an eminent person once remarked, "Anybody can have a vote; only let me count 'em."

John Bull.

THE LATEST DODGE.

A correspondent asks our advice with reference to a transaction he has had with a firm of stockbrokers known as Henderson and Co., of 11, Poultry, E.C. This firm invited him to send them money on the cover system, and as an extra inducement guaranteed him against loss.

Our correspondent, a simple man, took the bait, sent £5 and in due course was told the cover had run off. He then asked them to fulfil their obligation by giving him an equal amount in shares, to which they replied as follows:—

> "In reply to your favour, we have pleasure to enclose herewith our certificate showing your interest in a share of the American Mining, Milling, and Smelting Company, the company in which we at the moment are handing over certificates to persons having met with unfortunate results through acting upon our advice."

The certificate, which our corresspondent sends for our inspection, is as below:—

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(Signed) HENDERSON AND CO

Witnessed by A. H. FITZGERALD,
the 30th day of June, 1905.

Messrs. HENDERSON AND CO. are holders of blocks of Shares in this Company, including the above, and same remain in their hands, unless the complete Share is taken and paid for in full.

If we are to attach any importance to anything on paper of this sort, it would seem that many thousands of these so-called certificates have been issued by Henderson and Co. It would be interesting to know what percentage of the people who receive them imagine that they are of any value.

HUMPTY-DUMPTY IN THE LORDS.

"I DID *NOT* FALL—I WAS KICKED DOWN!"

WHERE'S WHERE?

JOHN BULL'S BLIND GUIDE.

By the Lord Harry.

Birmingham.—*Derivation*: Brummagem, a mock turtle. *Exports*: Idols, Morocco jewellery, pearl buttons, brickbats, leaflets. *Occupations*: Tub-thumping, barracking, George-baiting. *Motto*: "Chamberlain and Wantonness." *Population*: Joseph Chillerling and his relations.

Boulogne-sur-Mer.—Home of the stranger who's done something wrong. *Public building*: Casino. *Occupations*: Baccarat and little horses. *Exports*: Dishonoured cheques.

Bournemouth.—*Vegetation*: Pines. *Population*: Invalids, who pine, we opine, and Indian colonels, who repine. *Opinions*: Sabbatarian.

Brighton.—A London suburb. *Population*: Stockbrokers, landladies, doctors, "the boys," actresses (resting). *Means of locomotion*: Goats and old men. *Objects of interest*: The arches, a fishless aquarium, Mr. Harry Preston and his '48 brandy. *Distractions*: Trying to catch fish from the piers, wading barefoot over sharp shingles. *Imports*: Wind and dust, alternately with sea-fogs.

Cambridge.—A seat of learning, where little is learned. A mixed population, including gyps (derivation, *gups*, a vulture), bedders, Johnians, bull-dogs, Oscar Browning. *Edifices*: Cats, Pots, the Spinning House. *Curiosities*: Dons. *Business* is conducted on a generous system of credit for the young, but prices rule high. A large trade is done in Hamburg wines and flor de cabbage cigars.

Cologne-am-Rhein.—Rhein is German for pure, and is applied ironically. Celebrated for its smells; also for its water, which is needful for counteracting the smells. Formerly the residence of three kings and eleven thousand virgins. The latter are now extinct.

Coventry.—A place of exile. (See also Bath, Putney, Jericho.) Here peeping Tom blushed for Lady Godiva. Famous for its market-gardens.

Derby.—If they tell you it is run here, that is an Oaks. The present pastime is to wring the Bell and walk up.

Doncaster.—A Scotch hamlet, famed for its butter. Empty except in September, when a selling-race makes the town-moor (or less) full. The tradesmen are fond of their ledgers.

Eton.—Contains a seminary for the sons of the newly rich. *Curriculum*: A slouch, ignorance, rudeness. When all the boys are present, it is called Absence.

Jerusalem.—Famous for its artichokes.

London.—*Population*: 10,000; in August, 0. *Government*: A county council (female), a lord mare, and a daily male. *Pier*: Northcliffe. *Locomotion*: Bad. *Night-lighting*: Bad. *Language*: Bad. *Main thoroughfare*: Petticoat Lane, leading (viâ Johannesburg) to Park Lane. *Chief sights*: Wonderland, "Dr." Clifford, the Burlington Arcade (5 p.m.), Hyde Park and Piccadilly (at night). By magisterial order, the principal streets are closed to respectable persons after dusk. Morality is strictly enforced, but crime is not unknown. Hotels and restaurants are chiefly managed by foreigners. So are shops, banks, etc. Processions are permitted in the streets, but a speculator is arrested and fined for obstruction, if he plies his calling there. So is a lady sometimes.

Man, Isle of.—*Population*: One (Hell Cain). Here the Arms are legs. Cats, cocks, and cuckolds have no tails. Cain has several, but they are very poor.

Oxford.—Contains the second University in the kingdom. *Chief products*: Rags, Rhodes scholars, swelled heads. *Penitentiaries*: The House (for casuals), the Union (for disorderly cases). The Oxford manner is a term used to imply no manner at all.

Paris.—Capital of America, situated on the Spree. *Population*: Other people's wives, Hooligans, Baby Peugeots. *Monuments*: Le Moulin Rouge, le Rat Mort, le Roi des Belges. *Industries*: Guide-interpreters, pari-mutuels, crème de menthe. *Exports*: Fleas, ladies, salacious plays. *Leading citizens*: Alfred Dreyfus, Sahara Bernhardt, Lorando, Tubini, Cléopolde, Little Tich. *Articles of food*: Snips, snails, syrups. *Language*: A la Cambronne. Marriage is generally considered a failure.

Peterborough.—The seat of a bishop. Said to be the most immoral town in England.

Rome.—Reported not to have been built in one day, though why the contradiction was necessary does not appear. At Rome you are expected to do as the rum 'uns do. But how do they do? *Chief sights*: The Pope's nose, the scarlet woman. *Products*: Candles. *Beverage*: Blacks and Whites.

Winchester.—Contains a crumbling cathedral, a school where the small boys are called men, and a river dedicated to the Duke of Argyll.

SCENT TO GRASSE.

By Verdant Green.

Other celebrities have been sent to Grasse. Guide-book mentions Queen Victoria, but omits King Nebuchadnezzar. Not even a statue to H.M. the vegetarian pioneer. Query: Republicanism or Ingratitude? Probably only Ignorance. Stop a man in the Boulevard of the Game of Balloon. Take off my hat and say: "Pardong, Mossoo——" He interrupts and says: "Nègre?" Never was called a nigger before. Feel hurt, but persist in asking why no statue to Nebuchadnezzar. Lord Brougham has one because he was the first to go to Cannes. But perhaps Nebuchadnezzar was not the first to go to Grasse. Man stares, says "Nigger" again, and tells me to take the next turning down the steps. Is he having a game with me? Is it the Game of Balloon? Several boys rush up and offer to conduct me to Nigger's. Hang Nigger! Is it a travelling show? Ha! "J. Negre, Confiseur," says a sign-board. Evidently fated to see Nigger. Resign myself. Must evidently see the industries of the place. Nigger very polite. Shows me how to preserve violets. Gives me some to eat. Evidently not niggardly at all. Feel inclined to say, like Macmahon to the black boy, "Vous êtes Nègre. Très bien. Continuez." I continue to a perfume factory. Pass the Casino de Grasse. Is that French for Turf-Club? Observe a widow. Suppose she is a Grasse widow. Great bundle on her back proves the widow's might. See a dog on its hind legs licking a juicy steak. Query: What becomes of the steak afterwards? Stroll into the Hotel de la Poste for lunch. Nothing fit to eat. Thoughtlessly accept kind offer to send out for a steak. Faugh! See a butcher's cart with a lamb on the box. No one else about. Why doesn't it pick up the reins and drive off? It is leaning over and whispering confidentially to the horse. Take a snapshot of the lean lamb's hoarse whisper. Reach Giraud's perfume factory. He takes me for a giro round the works accompanied by an ancient retainer. Giraud discourses at great length. Ancient retainer has heard it all before. Gets bored and plucks me by the sleeve every few minutes, as if to say, "Don't listen to him; let *me* tell you all about it." Has a happy thought presently. Plucks my sleeve and turns a tap. Huge roar of many waters. Giraud's voice absolutely drowned. Ancient retainer wreathed in triumphant smiles. Plays with Giraud like a cat with a mouse. Allows him to start off again several times. Then, directly Giraud is interested, ancient retainer turns his tap. Most effective closure. Think I shall recommend it to Mr. Speaker. Giraud very frank. Gives away all the tricks of the trade. Perhaps that's the reason why the ancient retainer is so quick with his closure. Understand only six scents are what they profess to be. Strong odour of pitch everywhere. Gather it is used for attar of roses. Discover the secret of new-mown hay. Very easy recipe: Only got to cut Grasse. Mean to do so in future.

ON A FAST FRIEND.

The finest Epitaph for thee
Is just a simple R.I.P.

ENCYCLOPAEDIC HOWLERS OF THE CARMELITES.

By Arthur Vizetelly.

"You need this!" vauntingly asserted the legend on the show-card in the newsagent's window, and a pictorial representation of a human hand ostentatiously presented to my inquiring gaze a fac-simile of the cover of "Harmsworth's Encyclopædia, Everybody's Book of Reference." Occupying the place of honour in the centre of the front page was a head of Minerva, goddess of wisdom and all the liberal arts, presumably as a sign or pledge of good faith, and beneath her classic features were the words: "Your Book of Reference, your History, your Geography, your Doctor, your Lawyer, your Business Guide."

The show-card was soiled and faded; it had evidently been hanging in the window many months, and the ubiquitous fly, which during the fine sunny weather had no doubt used it as a happy basking ground, had left its mark extensively upon it. So a great fear seized me that I might be too late to avail myself of the golden opportunity of securing unlimited knowledge at the trifling cost, as per advertisement, of a halfpenny a day.

To my intense relief, however, the worthy shopkeeper had still a few odd parts in stock, which I hastily acquired in return for a due amount of my hard-earned coin of the realm; and, hugging these to my bosom, I bore them away in pleasurable anticipation of the intellectual and instructive treat in store for me.

With a blazing fire on the hearth, the lamp freshly trimmed, and all prepared for the burning of the midnight oil, I was soon comfortably ensconced in an easy-chair, and started to cull from my newly acquired treasure the flowers of rhetoric of Carmelite House. Soon, as I leisurely turned the pages at random, my eyes lighted on the following remarkable passage:—

"Louis XVII., the only surviving son of Louis XVI., died (1795) in prison in the Temple, the second grandson of Louis XV. succeeding as Louis XVIII.; upon whose decease (1824) without issue, the third grandson, Charles, cardinal, and uncle of Henri IV., succeeded as Charles X." ("Harmsworth Encyclopædia," Article, "Bourbon Family," p. 877.)

I re-read the words with amazement. What, "that hare-brained young fellow," Charles Comte d'Artois, who danced on the volcano of the coming Revolution, heedless of its ominous rumblings and threatened eruption, a *cardinal!* And uncle of the famous Vert Galant, to boot! A man who died a violent death almost a century and a half before he, Charles X., was born!

We have all heard, no doubt, of strange mixed relationships by marriage, but never before, I venture to think, of a man being the uncle of another who was in reality his ancestor in the direct male line seven generations before. Yet, such is history according to the Carmelites.

On further investigation I came across the following:—"In 1848 the body of Napoleon was brought from St. Helena and buried amidst great excitement in Paris." ("Harmsworth Encyclopædia." Article, "France," p. 2573.) As a matter of fact, the remains of the great Napoleon had been brought to France eight years before the date mentioned, by the Prince de Joinville, on board the frigate "La Belle Poule." They were deposited in the Hôtel des Invalides on December 15, 1840, in the presence of King Louis-Philippe.

Taking up another of the parts I had so eagerly purchased, I opened it by chance at the letter E, and read: "Eugénie . . . daughter of Count di Montijo . . . married Prince Louis Napoleon (afterwards Napoleon III.) at Nôtre Dame, January 30, 1853." ("Harmsworth Encyclopædia." Article, "Eugénie," p. 2327.) But Louis Napoleon had been Emperor for two months before he married Eugénie di Montijo, for he was proclaimed at St. Cloud on December 1, 1852.

Now here are three gross errors on simple facts of French history which very few schoolboys would be likely to be guilty of. So what, I ask, is the real value of this much-advertised and belauded work? I did not carry my researches further, but in disgust forthwith committed the three parts I had purchased to what I consider their proper place—the waste-paper basket.

Although I regret the few coppers I expended in acquiring this *unique* information, yet I have gained experience; and perhaps, after all, I have not so much to complain of as the erudite Minerva, under whose auspices such howlers are professedly foisted on a long-suffering and gullible public. For "who steals my purse steals trash; . . . but he that filches from me my good name, . . . makes me poor indeed." To paraphrase the charming and spirited Madame Roland—"O Minerva, what howlers these Carmelites perpetuate in thy name!"

Since my adventure with the "Encyclopædia," I have been favoured with a circular slipped into my letter-box, and addressed "To a Young Man who wants £1,000 a year," which sets forth the merits of a Self-Educator emanating from the same firm. Alas! I am no longer young; but I should dearly like to possess that £1,000 a year! I have also seen the advertisements, issuing from the same quarter, of a certain Atlas and Gazetteer. But I am not to be tempted a second time, and in neither instance have I swallowed the alluring bait dangled before me, for

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JIM CROW AND THE SWISS.

One Englishman and many Swiss have written excitedly about Jim Crow's article on Switzerland. The Englishman, who signs himself "Check Mate," thanks Crow for "his honest denunciation of the cancer of Europe," and says that a residence of some years in Switzerland has convinced him that "no man of ordinary refinement of nature can possibly come into daily contact with these profligate bastards without being contaminated and degraded." We hope, however, that "Check Mate" contrived to escape. He objects to English parents sending their children to "cheap Swiss schools, as nasty as they are cheap." "Rather than a son of mine," he exclaims, "should marry a girl who had been 'educated' (?) in the land of this insolent and repulsive people, I would prefer that he should commit suicide before my eyes." Now, really!

Most of our Swiss correspondents are nearly as emphatic on the other side. One lays the blame on Crow's liver, another sends a phonographic postcard; others threaten to boycott JOHN BULL; another begs us to "tell Mr. J. Crow that if he was not drunk when he wrote the article he ought to be locked up in a lunatic asylum for his lifetime"; another (W. A. Kensington), after stating that the article is not worth criticising, is inspired by his "feeling of patriotisme" to retort in five pages; and R. M. (Kensington) complains that "the tone in which the statements are kept can only been called objectionable, scurrilous, and injurious." We beg to point out that, in a footnote, we disclaimed responsibility for Mr. Crow's views, and that he himself, in a former paper, announced "Some of you do not like my sentiments, I know, but it is good for you to hear both sides." He is evidently of opinion that it is necessary to shout in order to obtain a hearing. We ourselves think that he would be more convincing if he were less emphatic, but we like to encourage the expression of views, which are original as well as eccentric, and we never interfere with his critics when they care to reply. If any Swiss writes an article (in English or Swiss) extolling the perfections of the Helvetian paradise, we will give it our best consideration.

R. M. is probably right in regarding Crow as a pessimist. "He sees nothing but black above him, black beneath him, and still black around him." E. B. (Anerley) would like to alter this, and writes, "I should be glad to meet him in friendly discussion and try and convert him to more friendly views towards what is dearest to me on earth." All right, we will invite them both to tea. E. B. shall pick a Crow, and Crow shall have a Swiss roll. R. M. says "What about our mountains?" but Crow has already told us plainly that he prefers plains. R. M. further explains Crow's "vocabulary of low language" by arguing that Crow has too many "strong words in easy reach within him," and "they must have lost part of their originality so that he means to throw apples while he throws rotten eggs." We should have thought eggs were less painful missiles than apples, but Crow should remember that election time is still afar off. With reference to the Swiss language, R.M. tells us: "I have come across a few singular organ grinder's monkeys in my country, but they did not speak at all, least of all Italian, lest they should talk of things they do not know. What a splendid and exemplary habit when you come to think of it." HABET!—otherwise one in the eye for poor little Jim. On the same point W. A. says, perhaps rather boldly, that "every man of the slightest spark of intellect knows that the purest French is spoken at Neuchâtel and Geneva" (what do our French friends say to this?) and that "three-quarters of the Swiss speak a German dialect which can only be spoken properly by a Swiss born and bred in Switzerland, that is to say, this language belongs only to one people—to one nation."

E. B., "a London Swiss," is the calmest of the critics, and does not go beyond a friendly allusion to Mr. Crow's liver. E. B. is not enamoured of the tourists who swarm in Switzerland, but he asks what can be done to check them. "Should we let them sleep in the open and discourage the next batch with such catering as is still to be met with in many railway refreshment rooms not quite a thousand miles away? Why does not some self-sacrificing Margate councillor row out and torpedo an incoming Saturday 'Husband Boat' from London, followed by a Thanksgiving Service next day? The fact is that the Swiss are, for good or evil, a practical people, intent to make hay when the sun shines. The majority of the Swiss love their mountains too much to lose the pleasure of walking up on their natural legs. We all, like Jim Crow, prefer solitude to crowds on the few off days of life, but after all the Great Builder of the Mountain Giants put them there for the benefit of all his children. . . . If Jim Crow's international police-men should ever try to carry out such imputed designs of partition they will find our little bit of God's Earth as troublesome a meal as a boy's first smoke. The Swiss people would then speak out in one single language, short, sharp monosyllables."

Bravo! E.B. Go it, little 'un! We know nothing about your native language, but you write very fair English, and we admire your pluck. And you are ever so much more convincing than people who cannot keep their tempers, or lack a sense of humour.

However, a Bernese contemporary, *Der Bund*, contrives to combine fury with wit. After fulminating against "ein gewisser Jim Crow," it gives the following free translation of Byron's lines on our cover:

Ein Bündel mit Heu ist die Welt
Die Esel zerren den Ballen
Nach rechts und nach links durch das Feld:
Und John Bull ist der grösate von allen.

And it concludes with a commentary: "After this last pronouncement no one will ever again deny that particular distinction to our JOHN BULL and his famous Jim Crow."

FROM JAMES TO JOHN.

Nothing could be more aptly illustrative of the "practical" spirit of the Englishman, my dear John, than the Lord Mayor's Show. A tawdry pageant is suffered to wend its way along narrow streets the general dirt and dismalness of which is thrown into lurid relief by paltry bunting and egregious festoons, slung together pell mell, without consistent design or artistic arrangement. The day chosen for this Corporation harlequinade is in a month when there is usually much rain and fog, and at a time when the business of the City is busiest. It attracts a vast army of loafers, who employ the opportunity it affords of manifesting their peculiar notions of *meum* and *tuum*; of suburban folk who hail with delight even this means of varying monotony; and of children, who are naturally drawn to what is childish. For a whole day business in the heart of the most important City in the world is virtually at a standstill. An area which costs in rent hundreds of thousands a day is given over to gaping yokels, leather-lunged larrikins, and sight-seeing women and children.

. . . . . .

Other nations would arrange differently. In France, which is an artistic nation, the pageant and decorations would be placed in the hands and under the control of a competent committee, and would be worth seeing. In Austria, where they know how to manage shows, it would be held on a general holiday in the summer time. In Italy Sunday would be the day, and the Church would be gorgeously and prominently represented in the procession. In Russia the people would not see the show, because the police and soldiery would so thickly line the route. In Germany everyone in the crowd would wear something "festive" in their hats. In America such tomfoolery would not be tolerated. Our method succeeds in combining the minimum of sense shown by others in such matters, with the maximum of stupidity.

* * * * *

The number of titles that is constantly being bestowed on all and sundry is fast defeating their object. "And what distinction have you?" once asked a foreigner of a really great Englishman. "Oh! Mine?—I have none," was the witty reply.

* * * * *

The recent elections in America have shown that our American kinsfolk are waking to the fact that Trusts are the bane of their lives. And they have given fair warning that they mean to put an end in the near future to the intolerable incubus from which they are suffering. The English Press turns its eyes to heaven and unctuously thanks God we are not as other people. Is it not curious that it fails to see under its very nose the great Land Trust, which is the Englishman's burden?

Your truthful

JAMES.

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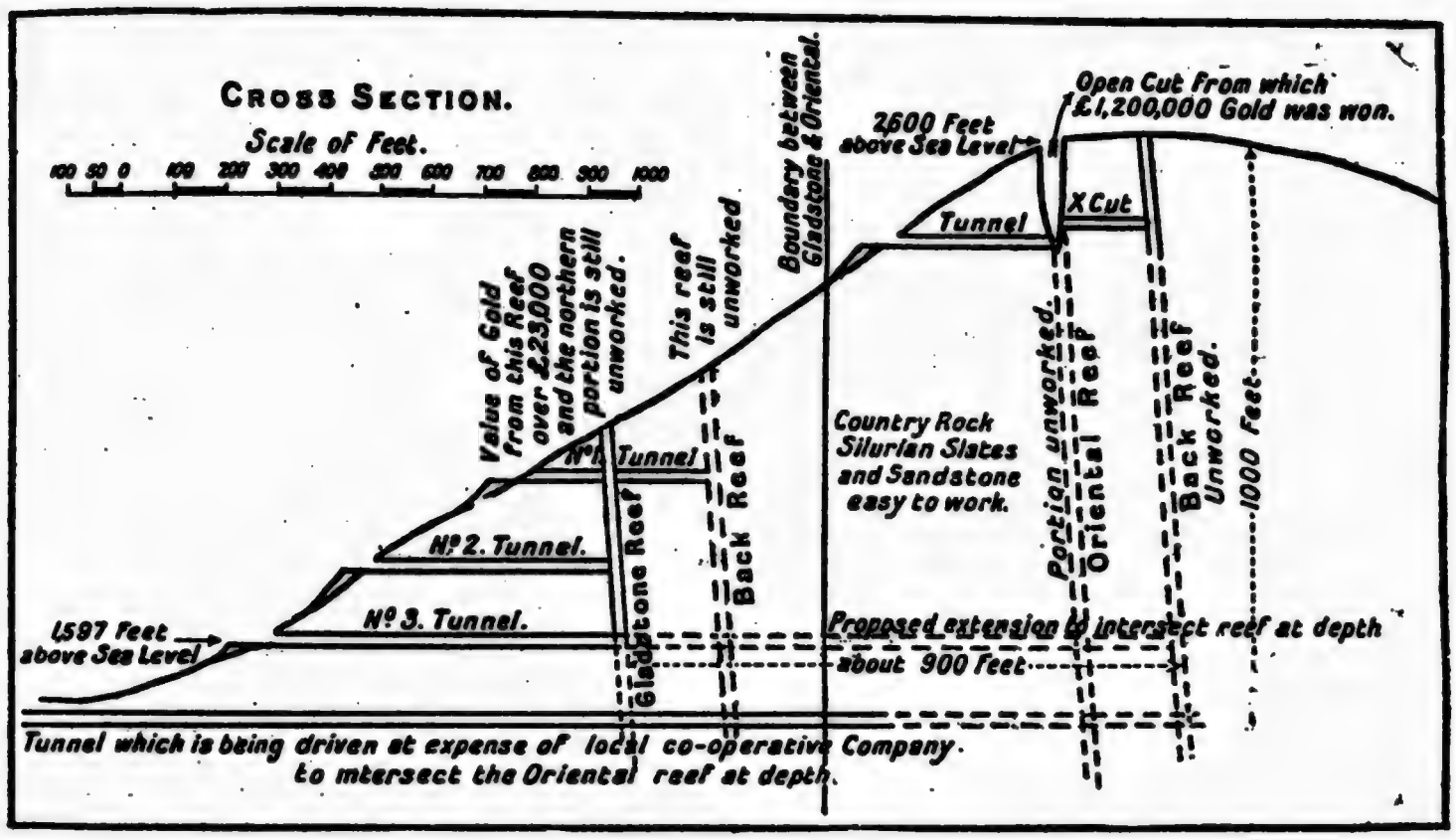
KNOWN AS THE "ORIENTAL" & "GLADSTONE."

Wandiligong, Bright, Victoria, AUSTRALIA.


CROSS SECTION.
Scale of Feet.
100 50 0 100 200 300 400 500 600 700 800 900 1000
Boundary between Gladstone & Oriental.
2600 Feet above Sea Level
Open Cut From which £1,200,000 Gold was won.
Tunnel
X Cut
Value of Gold From this Reef over £23,000 and the northern portion is still unworked.
This reef is still unworked
No 1. Tunnel
No 2. Tunnel.
No 3. Tunnel.
1597 Feet above Sea Level
Gladstone Reef
Back Reef
Country Rock Silurian Slates and Sandstone easy to work.
Portion unworked.
Oriental Reef
Back Reef Unworked.
1000 Feet.
Proposed extension to intersect reef at depth about 900 Feet
Tunnel which is being driven at expense of local co-operative Company to intersect the Oriental reef at depth.

VALUE OF GOLD RETURNS FROM TIME OF DISCOVERY TO PRESENT DATE.

Oriental £1,200,000 Worked down to 300 Ft level only.
Gladstone over £23,000.

An appreciable amount of business is also being done in Australian ventures, particularly in the various Victorian Deep Leads, notably Loddon Valleys, Consolidated Deep Leads, Junction Deep Leads, and Victorian Deep Leads, and higher prices are anticipated.

As our correspondents are probably aware, these companies are working to extract the gold from the bed of former rivers and watercourses, washed down from the gold reefs of the hills, thus indisputably proving the richness of the surrounding country.

Several Victorian Mines, formerly worked only to a shallow depth, have latterly been taken in hand by London Companies, and are now paying satisfactory dividends. One of the cheapest shares in this section is North Shebas, as their Victorian property possesses great potentialities. This mine has already produced one million two hundred thousand pounds worth of gold, and experts are convinced it will produce as much gold in the future as it has done in the past; therefore, in purchasing the £1 shares, 19s. paid, at the present price of about 4s., you will, in our opinion, be securing a share that will resell at an early date at a substantial profit or within a comparatively short time, will be receiving dividends. The accompanying plan explains the proposed work to cut the reef at depth, and the excellent prospects of the mine.

We are frequently able to take shares and debentures that have no Stock Exchange quotation in whole or part payment for new purchases, and also to deal in such securities on a cash basis.

In all classes of active shares we are prepared to deal at current prices, which will be found in the Financial and other daily papers. Correspondence invited.

Extract from the Circular of

THE SHARE INVESTMENT SYNDICATE, LIMITED,

16, FINSBURY CIRCUS, LONDON, E.C.

BULL'S EYES.

[Being flashes of wit and genius from members of our staff—mostly after dinner.]

"Consequences":
The *Times*.....met.....The British Public.....in a bookshop .....The *T.* said, "Are we downhearted?".....The B.P. said, "You're positively Mudie; its Smitherable to see you." .....The consequence was.....that Hall Caine got out another advertisement.....And the world said, "*Autres Temps, autres moeurs!*"

.....

A naval offices.....met.....a stoker.....on parade.....The N.O. said, "Kneel down!".....The S. said, "I shall be onkneesy if I do.".....The consequence was.....Columns for the halfpenny press.....And the world said, "It seems a silly custom."

.....

Mr. Lever.....met Lord Northcliffe.....on Trust.....Mr. L. said, "Mine's a Combine; what's yours?".....Lord N. said, "I work for the interest of the public.".....The consequence was.....The *Daily Mail* Soap Map.....And the world said, "The 'interest of the public' pays big dividends, m'lord!"

.....

A Moderate.....met.....a Progressive.....in a pawnbroker's shop.....The M. said, "What's up?".....The P. said, "Rates, and I'm trying to raise them.".....The consequence was.....that the Moderate 'erased' him.....And the world said, "Now we shall be rich (perhaps)."

.....

Some Unfounded Rumours:
That publishers are complaining bitterly of the hard *Times*.

.....

That once rid of the Education Bill, if ever, Mr. Birrell will no longer birreligious.

.....

That down Carnarvon way, they call him "Lord"-George now, and that he rather likes it.

.....

That our Rugby football display is simply Harrowing.

.....

That Edna May is quite surprised that "The Belle of Mayfair" continues to attract the public.

.....

That the publishers contemplate starting a "Newspaper Club," to supply the *Times* at half-price to subscribers.

.....

That Calico Combinations are in the air—drying.

.....

That they speak of it as "Dreary Lane Theatre" now.

.....

That in a certain locality where he is not pop'lar, they call John Burns a "Jack-in-office."

Some Unconfirmed Rumours.
Mr. Tim Healy was *not* a guest at Highbury last week end.

Mr. Winston Churchill *never* said he could manage the Colonial Office single-handed. He is not responsible for what other people think and say.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor does *not* intend leaving the paths of journalism for politics.

Mr. John Burns is *not* dissatisfied with his new home, and does not intend taking a house in Park Lane.

There has *not* been any unpleasantness at all in the Lawrences' household over that £10 business.

It is said that the Soap Trust is about to commence an advertising campaign. We should have thought that unnecessary.

The Salvation Army are *not* giving away copies of John Bull. Nor are Warings sending back numbers to purchasers of goods to the amount of 6s. 8d. and upwards.

Songs for Celebrities (slightly altered):—
For the Suffragettes, "Oft in the 'Skilly' Night."
For Mr. Stead, "Within a Milo Edinboro' Toun."
For Miss Newman, "Oh, that I, too, were (Edna) Maying."
For The Only Birrel, "Johnny, *leave* your gun."
For Mr. Lever, "The *Lifebuoy's* Weighed."
For John Bull, "They all love Jack."

Mr. Justice Bigham holds that omnibus companies are not liable for accidents due to the skidding of 'buses. We have heard of judges kidding before now.

Miss Pearl Humphry tells us that the conditions of a woman's life favour hysteria and spite. Now we know what's wrong with the suffragettes.

Mr. Martin Harvey informs us he should be sorry to think that the theatre is regarded as a mere place of amusement; it has a mission far above that.

We see that "The House of Lords" is for sale. Some say it should be abolished, but if it can be sold, so much the better.

"I'll fight you now for a dollar, if you'll take those clothes off," said a labourer to a police-sergeant. He did not think it worth while to fight for a copper, so has had to pay the silver.

Lord Elgin, the Colonial Secretary, had an interview with Sir R. Solomon last week. We should not have thought an interview with Solomon necessary, considering who Lord Elgin's under-secretary is.

Miss Jeannette Lee has just written "Uncle William, the Man who was Shiftless." But surely the lady must know that a man—— [That will do!—Editor.]

A man charged with uttering counterfeit coin said, "Coining is worse than hard work, although people think there is a lot of money to be made." He will now be able to take it easier for a few years.

A contemporary says that the most melancholy place in the world is a seaside resort after the season is over. We beg to move to "leave out all after the word 'resort.'" Carried unanimously.

The head-mistress of Bampton Aston has been dismissed for shaking the Rev. W. Birch, vicar. Simply shaking a birch is not so very terrible; what would people have said had she shaken a hall cane?

Sir Elliott Lees has a "blue" garden, every flower being a cerulean. He also, we believe, has a library of blue-books, a cellar of blue-bottles, a box of blue pills, and some blue stockings.

Sir Gorell Barnes wishes it to be understood that you can swear in the Scotch way in the Divorce Court, over which he presides. But he omitted to say if an interpreter is kept on the premises.

"A Drama in Sunshine," just published, has nothing to do with a tragedy in Sunlight.

Gun practice at Grain, opposite Sheerness, has caused some damage to a local church. Had the guns been loaded with golden grain, the town would have rejoiced at the harvest.

A Clapham Junction draper has this label pinned on some material in his window:—"Very much worn, 1s. 11½d." Can commercial candour go further?

After a lengthened stay at Portland, the Channel Fleet has left for Berehaven. What was it in for? Sailing too close to the wind?

Mr. Kinsey, purser of the "St. Paul" liner, has crossed the Atlantic 900 times. A purser who can boast of acquaintance with 900 passages in St. Paul has mistaken his vocation. He ought to be an archbishop.

A boy having been sent to an industrial school had his clothes taken away. Nothing daunted, he cut off the sleeves of his grandfather's overcoat, and made a pair of trousers. There are one or two sartorial difficulties we cannot understand.

A man named Pymm, charged with assaulting his wife, said he heard her singing, "and knew something would happen before the week was out." The magistrate considered he had provocation.

An old Baptist chapel at Builth Wells has been let to some Brittany onion men. It will in future be associated with strong doctrine.

A lady and an old man have recently been charged with using "langwidge." The lady pleaded "Gaelic," and the other "Old English." What trouble there will be when Esperanto comes in!

Mme. Emma Eames has declared, "When I feel I am properly dressed, I become more daring." Our chorus ladies say the opposite.

Dr. Harry Campbell says: "Europeans blush only in the face and neck. In savages, who are in the habit of going about uncovered, the blush is far more extensive." Quite so.

Col. Bell, V.C., inserted a quaint provision in his will, to the effect that anyone, not being a child or grandchild, who stayed at his widow's residence more than 30 days should be considered a paying guest, and charged £1 a day. But what if the lady married again?

A leaflet commences: "War to the knife should be waged on preservatives in meat, sausages, fish, jam, and milk." We note that sausages are not meat, but while we are hazy as to how you serve up "preservatives," it is unusual to use a knife with either fish, jam, or milk. "War to the fork and spoon" would be more correct.

It appears to be the custom in Dover to charge 1d. when the rates total up to a halfpenny. It has been a case of "shove ha'penny" with the local coppers.

During an auction at a house in Strabane the drawing-room floor collapsed and the crowd was precipitated with the furniture to the dining-room below. There was no reserve on anything; everything was knocked down, and even the floor went.

A sheep was sold at Leicester Cattle Market recently for 2s. 9d. But after allowing for the cost of being sent to New Zealand to be frozen, it will probably come out at the market price.

Under the heading "Bargains by Post," the *Daily Mail* publishes an advertisement offering "30 Solid Bed Room Suites" for £7 15s. each. We pity the poor postman!

Says the *Daily News*: "An ardent temperance reformer might do worse than spend an afternoon at the Brewers' Exhibition." (Hear, hear.) Preferably, too, when the free samples are on tap.

The newest New Journalism! The official residence of the Prime Minister has been thoroughly done up in his absence, and "the furniture has been repolished." We also believe that the mats have been "shook," and the knocker dusted.

"The Electric Man" is the title of the new play at the *New Royalty*, but there is nothing shocking about it.

Mitchell Jasper, of Delta, Michigan, has obtained a licence to marry an Indian girl named Mary Kick-a-Hole-in-the-Sky. The name of her mother is Afraid-of-no-Man. Mitchell Jasper is evidently afraid of no woman. But Mrs. Jasper looks like leading him a dance.

Speaking on the subject of drainage, an Islington guardian said: "It is time we put our foot down with a loud voice." We can understand feet that talk after being put down the drains.

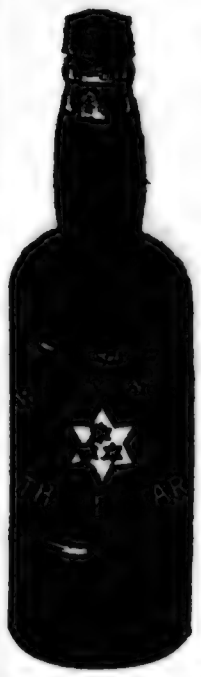
Sir J. Crichton-Browne says "the great public schools have attained perfection in finishing off the English gentleman." We have noticed this. In fact, the breed is almost extinct.

According to an advertisement, "The Waring idea of excellence is that everything should be what it is represented to be." Hear, hear.

The *British Medical Journal* says that the Shah of Persia is suffering from Bright's disease and hemiptegia, besides having a stone or two in his kidneys. We have, for years, thought that the Shah required a new constitution.

According to Hall Caine, "Socialism is an aspiration towards the greatest good of the greatest number." Quite so; but what is Mr. Hall Caine's "greatest number"—Number One?

Can be obtained at most of the Leading Hotels and Restaurants.



ANDERSON'S

"Three Star" Old Liqueur Scotch Whisky

Apply for Samples to LONDON Offices and Stores, Dept. J.B., 21, Garlick Hill, E.C.

"Dercetis"

Cigarettes

The Acme of Perfection.

Fine tobacco rolled with that unfailing skill that only Egypt knows of—such are "DERCETIS" CIGARETTES. They carry a distinctive Egyptian flavour—because they are made with all the skill, care, and high-grade materials that distinguish the choice Cigarettes of Egypt from all others. In just the same way that an Egyptian Cigarette is the highest expression of the Cigarette maker's art—so is a DERCETIS CIGARETTE, the finest product of Egyptian Cigarette making.

What the "Lancet" thinks of "Dercetis" Cigarettes.

"The 'Dercetis' Cigarette is made with specially selected tobacco free from all added flavouring and of such quality as to be smoked without irritating effects.

"Microscopical examination proved the tobacco to be of one pure kind, and while the smoke is decidedly free from irritating qualities, it possesses that peculiar pleasing aroma on account of which choice Dubec tobacco is by many smokers preferred."

	per 100	per 1,000		per 100	per 1,000
Oval Plain	6/-	55/	Round Plain	5/-	45/-
Oval Gold Tip	7/-	65/	,, Gold Tip	6/-	55/-
Oval Cork Tip	7/-	65/-	,, Cork Tip	6/-	55/-

Sent post Free upon receipt of Postal Order.

FREE SAMPLES On receipt of your card we will be pleased to send you samples post paid.

Dercetis & Co.

67, LEADENHALL STREET, LONDON, E.C.

MONEY ARTICLES MADE CLEAR.

STOCK EXCHANGE JARGON.

All Technicalities fully explained in the new

DICTIONARY of STOCK EXCHANGE TERMS.

POST FREE for 3d. stamps of

HALFORD & CO., Palmerston House, London, E.C.

FOR JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

[Mrs. Bull will be pleased to receive, from her women readers, suggestions and contributions for this page.]

When Women Get the Vote.

Those who look ahead are beginning to ask, "What will be the effect of the Suffrage on married life? How will it be when women get the vote, and husband and wife are canvassing for rival candidates?" It will be awkward when such a thing comes to pass and the heads of the house are strongly opposed in their political opinions, for a house divided—we know the rest. Moreover, such subjects as politics and religion are apt to produce particularly heated arguments. Indeed, they are delicate ones to touch upon in argumentative spirit with enthusiasts. When engaging her butler or her footman, the woman of the future will probably enquire into the trend of his political opinions before taking him into her service. It will be good-bye butler if he differs with her views.

The Coming of Christmas.

Trucks of oranges and the scent of cooked chestnuts were the first suggestions of winter that came along to warn us, even before the mild days of autumn had fled, that we must look out our furs; and now we are reminded of the coming of Christmas by the nature of some of the toys sold at street corners, and the screeching of the mechanical fowl and other birds that strut the pavements and suggest Yuletide bazaars. It is a little too early yet to see and judge of all the good things prepared for the present-giving season, but it is certain that motors, large and small, will be richly represented in toy-land.

Fashions in Christmas Cards.

Old customs die hard, and the pretty sentiment conveyed in the sending of Christmas cards is still kept alive. Of late years the tendency has been to sacrifice the pictorial card for the printed one, bearing with it no trace of the sender's handwriting, but I am glad to see, among the new greeting cards, that the artistic element is revived, and that this season's printed cards include a species quite different to those that have gone before. They are known as "Autograph" greeting cards, and while the message is printed in gold or other colours on a sheet of rough, high-class notepaper, a space is left for the admission of the essentially personal—namely, the autograph of the sender. Other taking novelties are the "luggage label" greetings, provided with the string to tie on to parcels. Some of these are printed all over on one side with floral pictures, while others reserve the decoration for the top left-hand corner, where humorous figures or other quaint subjects crown a message of greeting. The booklet card is very fashionable again, tied with ribbon and bearing a charming picture within, and among quite the most artistic cards are those belonging to the Art Portfolio, Golden East, and dainty Porcelain series, to say nothing of the novel charms of the Broderie Anglaise and hand-painted celluloid cards, the artistic beauty of the Turner-Ruskin series, and the originality of the Christmas cards with flowers, shamrocks, etc., wrought in real velvet. These, then, are some of the newest fashions in greeting cards for the season.

A New Occupation.

The motor provides quite a new occupation in more ways than one. The private chauffeur is beginning to be recruited from the ranks of "reduced" gentlemen, and the knack of being knocked down by the mud-guard of rich men's motors is becoming quite an art. It is impossible to walk across the road in safety nowadays. One must run. Hence, even elderly ladies are becoming fleet-footed.

Mrs. Creighton on the Upbringing of Children.

Mrs. Creighton, speaking at the Conference of Women Workers the other day, gave some excellent advice when she urged parents not to strive so much to make a child into what they desired him to be as to assist him to develop his own natural faculties in the right way, for how many earnest-minded, well-meaning parents there be who are apt to overlook the fact that the child has an individuality of his own, and can think for himself. Mrs. Creighton hit the nail on the head when, in discussing the upbringing of girls, she observed that parents did not realise how unhappy their daughters often were because there seemed to be no special place for them in the world—no definite work for them to do. Girls must have a working life as well as boys.

Home Manicure.

The hand depends for beauty of appearance chiefly on the condition of the nails, and these may be kept bright and of dainty shape without the aid of the professional manicure if they are simply rubbed with a little ointment, such as vaseline, every day and polished with a chamois pad. Rose-pink cream might replace the ointment if the nails are pale, as it will improve the colour. The shape of the nails is important, and a little tip worth remembering is that they will keep their shape very much better if filed instead of cut. File them carefully every two or three days, after having, in the first instance, pared them to a becoming oval, and they will not require cutting more than once in two or three months.

A Quaint Eastern Custom.

In Eastern countries it used to be considered a sign of rank to let the little finger-nail of the left hand grow to an enormous length, and prettily chased thimbles in gold and silver were worn to protect the long nail from splitting. Thimbles of this sort used to be given by lovers to their sweethearts, and so much was a long nail thought of, owing to its significance that the owner was of high birth and unused to work, that those whose nails had not grown to the aristocratic length encased them, all the same, in long, slender thimbles to make-believe that they were long.

Nail-lore.

The ancients believed in nail-lore, and, indeed, faith in the old nursery rhyme concerning the paring of nails—"Cut them on Monday, cut them for wealth," etc.—is to this day common in country villages. The women of ancient Rome had a curious belief in regard to nail-paring, related in an old French book. It was to the effect that if the nail-parings of anyone suffering from a slight illness were mixed with wax and flung at the door of a neighbouring house, the inmate would develop the malady of the sick person, while the latter would shake it off. So much was manicure a necessary part of each day's toilet that Roman women of any position kept in their retinue an attendant whose sole duty it was to manicure the hands of her mistress.

Skating Frocks.

With the re-opening of Prince's Skating Rink frocks for one of the most graceful of winter pastimes, skating, to wit, assumed additional importance. With so splendid a substitute for the real thing, there is no need to wait for a hoar-frost before enjoying the pleasure of a skate. Some smart velvet frocks may be seen on the rink, the short, pleated skirts cut with a fulness and flow that yield a very pretty "swing" as the wearer glides along; and other skating costumes comprise cloth skirts and fur coatees, the alliance of grey cloth and chinchilla, white cloth and ermine, tobacco-brown and sable, being most excellent, and as for head-gear, fur toques and Robin Hood and mushroom hats are chiefly to the fore.

The Haute Nouveaute.

The Paris milliner who seeks to create a sensation by introducing something novel and startling has hit upon the idea of producing an effect by means of an ostrich boa-feather of enormous circumference and length. This is wreathed round the brim of a picture hat, and, after forming a complete circle, one end of the feather dangles on to the shoulder, and in the case of the "extreme novelty," the free end is sufficiently long to be twined round the neck in the place of the usual boa. This little luxury runs into several sovereigns. The feather is, of course, a "made" one. Paris is also showing monster muffs of ermine, heavily fringed with tails and paws, and shawl-stoles of the same precious fur, that élégantes are wearing in automobiles and at theatres.

Fancy Hat-Pins.

Tortoise-shell, of which very little use has been made for the last several years in the interests of personal ornament, has become fashionable again, and shares honours with mother-o'-pearl in the composition of big buckles for hats and waists. Tortoise-shell buttons, as large as a penny, and tortise-shell hat-pins, round as balls, are among the pet vogues of the hour. The new ball-headed hat-pin is as big as a tangerine orange, and, besides tortoise-shell, is made of pale, clouded amber, Dresden china, and crystal. In Paris, fancy hat-pins carrying out the colours of the millinery are sold with hats, so important has the hat-pin become to the *tout ensemble*.

READERS (of any age, size, or sex) who want to know how to DEFEND themselves EFFICIENTLY against attacks by ruffians, burglars, etc., or how to DEVELOP the muscular system normally and symmetrically, or how to CURE chest or stomach complaints (indigestion, etc.), please send three penny stamps for book showing eight methods, and telling you all about the wonderful system of JU-JITSU—Japanese Physical Training and Self-Defence—to Professor VERNON SMITH (Instructor to London Volunteers), 203, High Holborn, W.C.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[JOHN BULL *replies to some of his numerous correspondents.*]

T. A. R. (Palmer's Green) regrets that we "should have allowed that old Tory lie about Gladstone deserting Gordon" to appear in Mr. Frank Harris's article. But we allow everybody to express his opinions when he has the courage to sign them—even Jim Crow, the reprobate!

"REMEMBRANCE" (Prague).—The lines you want are—

Remembrance is a flower that never dies,
When watered by the tears of Love.

We cannot give you the author's name, but the words are very true. Always glad to hear from you.

The GRESHAM PUBLISHING CO. (34, Southampton Street, Strand) has placed evidence before us which leaves no doubt of the genuineness of the advertisements they insert for canvassers, and we have received extensive testimony from many quarters of the *bonâ fides* of the business. As a matter of fact, the canvassers seem to be doing extremely well, and from the specimens of the publications issued by the firm we can understand it.

Mr. F. J. WHITLOCK (25, Camberwell Road) writes us further and at considerable length in regard to the complaint of a reader, and has satisfied us that everything possible was done to give satisfaction and fair treatment. Mr. Whitlock has further favoured us with some specimens of his "sun-ray" skirts. Mrs. Bull is cutting a rare figure in them, and is the envy of all her friends!

D. R. (Bishopsgate) sends us a printed letter, undated, but purporting to come from "Geo. W. Fletcher, Cunard Line," of 57, Mordaunt Street, Brixton, received by a friend of his who replied to an advertisement in the *Daily Chronicle* of a vacancy for a "steward (beginner)" on board a liner. This precious document commences, "I regret vacancy was filled at the docks yesterday," and then proceeds to offer, upon receipt of P.O. for 1s., to send a list of proper men to send to for such a berth. Fletcher has no doubt that the sender of the 1s. will have no difficulty in getting an appointment at wages of £3 5s. 0d. a month and from £1 to £3 a week in gratuities. Needless to say, Fletcher—who is not to be found at Mordaunt Street—is not connected with the Cunard Line (to whose attention we brought the matter), and they would be extremely pleased to make his acquaintance and in turn introduce him to a policeman. It is impossible to secure these berths by such means, the companies having on their books several times as many names of persons, well known to them, as there are vacancies for.

H. T. G. (Strawberry Hill) sends a thoughtful paper on Socialism, which we should have liked to publish if we had not already dealt with the subject at great length. He says that an examination of the criticisms of Mr. Vivian's critics "does not in any way tend to convert one to Socialism." He asks, "Should the State, which consists of persons elected by the public to be their servants, be permitted to regulate every detail of our private life, decide our occupations, determine the number of our children?" Of course not.

URE AND CO. (7 Broadway Market, Wimbledon) are "determined to make their name a household word." We believe they will, for they offer suits to measure for 12s., "the smartest overcoat in town" (what town?) for 10s., and they assert that "trousers to measure will cost you 1s.," that is, if you pay 8s. 6d. for them and accept a "7s. 6d. fancy vest" as a free gift. "Wimbledon Subscriber," feeling that, through the "large area" of our body, we must spend too much on tailors, draws our attention to this offer for the benefit of our "privy purse." We don't really buy clothes by the acre, but we are obliged all the same, and we are glad to hear that "the jovial contents" of our paper make our friend's time pass so quickly.

J. W. T. (Malvern) sends a circular of the British Watch Co. (St. John's Square, E.C.). A young lady received it with her name (in J. W. T.'s handwriting) on a slip attached to the circular. The explanation is that six months ago, when she was suffering from neuralgia, he wrote on her behalf to the British Ring Co., of Birmingham. They offered her a ring at "half-price." As she took no notice, they wrote again several times, bringing the price further down. J. W. T. thinks the two businesses may be related. We hope the young lady's neuralgia is better. If not, J. W. T. must try the soothing cure. When a ring is required, it need not be bought in Birminghain. May we have a piece of the cake for luck?

G. P. (Watchet) sends a similar circular with Mrs. K.'s signature attached, and wants to know how the Watch Co. obtained it. Perhaps she also wrote to the Ring Co.? He mentions that the *Sunday Companion* has taken to house-selling and has given the address of some auctioneers who are very anxious to sell Spurgeon's birth-place. But surely the *Sunday Companion* would not take a commission?

W. R. (Forest Hill) suggests a biscuit for a gentleman who advertises that he wants rooms in a widow's house. If it had been a grass-widow, we might have obliged.

J. W. C. (Farnworth) sends "just a few lines to cement our acquaintance." He feels it "a duty to help in extending the sale of a periodical which strives to be above board in everything, to show man's duty to man, and bring about a better life for all men, women and children." We will endeavour to meet his wishes with regard to his Christmas box, if any. Meanwhile, we blush.

J. T. (Hove) is disturbed by one of Lord Northcliffe, D.N.'s "sacrifice" advertisements, against which we often warn our readers. Mrs. Wilson (119, High Street, Chiswick) spent 40s. in advertising goods to be sacrificed at 40s., and the goods, if genuine, would cost more than that sum wholesale—to say nothing of the cost of advertising. What a kind lady!

The Secretary of the Central Association of Accountants (5 and 6, Great Winchester Street, E.C.) desires us to state that the London Association of Accountants is in no way connected with his.

THE GLOBE CLOTHING TRUST (18-20, Oxford Street, W.) advertises a 40s. suit for 10s. 6d. and quotes the following unsolicited testimonial from the *Tribune*:—"Astonished at the cloth, the fit, and the general make of the suit. The colour is quite in the prevailing fashion, and is a delicate blend of red, white and green . . . exceedingly neat." R. E. T. (Stowmarket) bought one of their suits at 21s. and says it should accordingly be worth 80s. when, as a matter of fact it would be dear at 80d. He wrote to the "Trust" informing them that "the cloth is absolute shoddy and the fit vile. . . . Judging from the amount of dirt in the lining of the waistcoat and jacket, I should say you had been in the habit of keeping this in the coal cellar." He invited an explanation, but received none. Now we invite one from the Editor of the *Tribune*.

PITMAN'S OFFICE DESK BOOK.

NO ONE SHOULD BE WITHOUT THIS HANDY VADE MECUM AT HIS ELBOW.
INDISPENSABLE TO ALL BUSINESS MEN. HANDY AND ACCURATE.

It contains all the information a manager or his clerk may want in an emergency.

READY RECKONER. FOREIGN COINAGE.
FOREIGN WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.
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W. C. E. (Bombay) writes all the way from India asking us to tell him where he can find an article entitled "How to Become an Auctioneer," referred to in one of our "Bull's Eyes" several weeks ago. We regret we are unable to oblige him, but we cannot do better than repeat our advice that he must commence by learning to knock things down. We hope W. C. E. is having a good time amongst the Nabobs.

A. B. T. (Canterbury) and others, ask where they can learn motor-car driving. The best advice we can give them is to join the practical engineering classes at the various polytechnics, and afterwards apply to the Automobile Club for certificates of proficiency.

"Redan" (Ventor) says "every sovereign that leaves this country in exchange for goods that could have been produced here is a loss to the general community." Not if the foreign goods are cheaper. Loss occurs when you pay more for goods than they are worth. And why differentiate between a sovereign and the equivalent of a sovereign? Why is it a loss to buy a sovereign's worth of silk from the foreigner, and gain to buy it with a sovereign's worth of machinery? If people would only exercise a little common-sense there would be no "Protectionists" left.

Several correspondents write in defence of Walford Bodie. F. G. P. (Faversham) has seen Bodie give his entertainment and "while fully alive to the theatrical and hocus part, was greatly impressed by the serious side." He "saw him pull a tooth from a friend, who avers that he felt nothing though the molar was a teaser for any dentist." Well, we have said nothing against Bodie, though we scarcely think a music-hall stage the right place for surgical experiments. H. O. (Banff) informs us that Bodie "has just built a very fine house and owns considerable property in Macduff, where he leads a quiet and unassuming life. He is a very kind-hearted man and very kind to all his relations." We are very glad to hear it. But there is one thing we really ought to know before we go a step further. Does he or does he not take sugar with his tea? We pause for a reply. Come on, Macduff!

J. W. (Queens Park) traverses the article which recently appeared from the pen of Mr. Lawrie, manager of Whiteley's in the *Shop Assistant*, on the advantages of Living-in, and we think he has the best of the argument. J. W. pays us the great compliment of selecting John Bull for his letter instead of the *Shop Assistant*, and says we are "by far the most popular paper in business houses." We regret we have not space to publish the whole letter.

"Joanne" (London) tells us that on a recent Wednesday evening a gentleman called at our publishing office and paid 2s. 6d. for an advance copy of John Bull, on the ground that he was just starting on a long journey and didn't want to miss his weekly tonic. "Joanne" is as simple as she is sweet. The man was sent by one of the firms we have been exposing—as the proprietor couldn't sleep till he knew what was going to appear. However, the half-crown changed hands—and we got the better of the bargain. There was nothing in that issue.

"Football" (Poplar) has a friend, a new reader of John Bull, who is thinking of having a go at one of Mr. Arrowsmith's football gambles. He must think again. If he must have a flutter of this kind, *Football Chat* competitions are the best.

Twenty Thousand Readers (more or less) have written suggesting the "biscuit" for Mr. Pethick Lawrence, who offered a tenner a day so long as they kept Mrs. P. L. in prison! As one of our correspondents—who must be a sorry dog!—says, it is most peth(et)ick!

A. Y. (Ipswich) calls our attention to the sentences passed by the Recorder of Ipswich upon a boy for stealing four pairs of rubber shoe heels—seven months' hard labour! Brutal! The Recorder must have a biscuit.

D. B. (York) sends us two cuttings from the *York Evening Press*. One of them tells how the magistrates dismissed a labourer who had been convicted of stealing 18s. from a till, and the other how they sent an old man to gaol for hawking without a licence. Oh, dear; oh, dear!

(Many replies stand over.)

We have to acknowledge a copy of Pitman's Office Desk Book (Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons, Limited), designed to be a handy book for general office purposes. We have looked it over and find it a most useful little work, touching upon numerous matters appertaining to everyday affairs. Those who buy it will find it much more useful for practical, everyday wants, than many more pretentious and costly volumes.

The Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Company, Ltd.

Report of Directors.

To be submitted to the Shareholders at a Meeting to be held in the Board Room, Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Company, Limited, The Consolidated Building, Fox Street, Johannesburg, on Friday, the 16th day of November, 1906, at 3 p.m.

The Directors submit herewith the Balance Sheet and Profit and Loss Account of the above Company for the year ending 30th June, 1906, showing a balance of profit of £38,780 7s. 11d.

They recommend that this amount be carried forward to next account.

The last Accounts adopted by the shareholders were those of the 30th June, 1905. These were submitted at the General Meeting held on the 23rd November, 1905.

In accordance with the Resolution passed at the Special General Meeting of Shareholders held on the 23rd November last year, the absorption of the Barnato Consolidated Mines has since been carried into effect, and the Balance Sheet now submitted reflects the amalgamated position. As you are aware, the issued Capital of the Company has been increased from £2,750,000 to £3,950,000.

It will be seen from the Profit and Loss Account that, excluding the balance brought from last year, the total revenue amounts to £331,643 3s. 10d., and the total outgoings (exclusive of the sums written off for depreciation in shareholdings and other assets) to £70,071 12s. 4d., leaving a net revenue of £261,571 11s. 6d., a result which must be considered satisfactory, having regard to the acute commercial depression prevailing in South Africa during the year under review.

Unfotunately, there has been a severe shrinkage in market values, which, while it does not involve the Company in actual loss, has rendered it prudent to write down the value of its shareholdings, and following their usual practice, your Directors have taken these into account at the market value of the 30th June, in all cases where the cost price in the Company's books exceeded the market value. The total depreciation under this head amounts to the large sum of £379,610 17s. 9d., which has accordingly been charged to the Profit and Loss Account for the year. At the same time, the market value of other of the Company's holdings is largely in excess of the book figures, but no appreciation on this head has been taken into account. This appreciation amounted on the 30th June last to £480,435 2s. 3d.

The Mining Loans Special Reserve Account has been reduced by the sum of £107,780 17s. 4d.; this figure represents a loss on a loan to the Balmoral Main Reef Gold Mining Company, which has been liquidated.

The amount written off for bad debts is comparatively small, being only £9,054 5s. 10d., and it is possible some of this may be ultimately recovered.

With regard to your investments in Real Estate, your Johannesburg Town and Suburban properties stand at £643,279 14s. 4d., but the present Municipal valuation of these properties is £1,517,535, or £875,256 above the values in your Company's books.

Your New Office Buildings and the Carlton Hotel have been completed during the past year; the former is one of the handsomest buildings in Johannesburg and is already yielding a fair return; the latter is certainly the finest Hotel in South Africa—it was opened in February last.

The position generally of the Gold Mining Companies in which this Company is interested has shown marked improvement, the working costs in most cases reflecting satisfactory reductions. The New Rietfontein, now that its new works are approaching completion, has yielded enhanced profits, and its return will soon be much augmented when the full battery is running. The Ginsberg Gold Mining Company has purchased the Balmoral Gold Mining Company's assets, and from the latest development returns, it is confidently expected that this Company will again resume its excellent record.

Satisfactory dividends have been paid by the New Rietfontein and New Primrose Gold Mining Companies.

We may mention that the Witwatersrand Gold Mining Company, which has been recently added to the group of Mines for which we act as Agents, continues also to steadily increase its profits, and its working costs have too been considerably reduced.

The past year has been one of acute commercial depression throughout South Africa, and apart from the shrinkage in market values, there have naturally been fewer opportunities for a financial Company to earn profits. However, the Company's position is exceptionally strong and sound, and there is every reason to anticipate a large, safe, and remunerative business when times improve.

Mr. W. J. Benson, late Manager of the Johannesburg Branch of the Standard Bank of South Africa, has been appointed Joint General Manager of the Company, in conjunction with Mr. H. F. Strange.

Mr. John Munro and Mr. E. P. Solomon have joined the Board of your Company, the latter in terms of the Agreement with the Barnato Consolidated Mines, Limited.

In the terms of the Articles of Association, four of your Directors, viz.: Mr. Charles Marx, Mr. E. B. Gardiner, Mr. H. A. Rogers, and Mr. J. Emrys Evans, C.M.G., retire by rotation, and offer themselves for re-election.

Messrs. J. P. O'Reilly and Henry Hains, the present Auditors of the Company in Johannesburg, and Messrs. Chatteris, Nichols and Co., the Auditors in London, retire from office, and offer themselves for re-election.

By order of the Board,

THOS. HONEY,
London Secretary.

London, 24th October, 1906.

RACING NOTES AND IDEAS.

By W. LOTINGA.
("Larry Lynx" of "The People.")

Seek the Cause.

When it becomes necessary to blindfold horses, and follow every trick and device to get them to face the tapes, isn't it reasonable to try other methods—even say with the gate itself?

"Baby" Coventry.

Mr. Arthur Coventry, the starter, rode his first race, at Croxton Park, 32 years ago, and just afterwards won his "spurs" at Worcester on a horse called "Baby." Hence his nickname.

Not as Easy to Train.

Nowhere is there such a magnificent expanse of heath for training ground as at Newmarket, and yet, as a fact, long-distance training there has practically ceased to exist. Most of the runners, and almost all the winners of long races, come from the provincial stables —Bibiani being the latest example.

Lingfield or Hurst are the People.

What enterprising executive will promote an experimental race confined to horses notoriously obstreperous under the gate? Invitations should be issued to Traquair, Black Arrow, Velocity, Otherwise, Morny, etc.—and the Jockey Club stewards should be present to witness the start.

Experientia docet.

Before long we really must have our paid stewards who are forbidden to bet, and if they are to be appointed honorary officers, they must be men who have been practical horsemen themselves, otherwise it is absolutely impossible for anyone to realise what really CAN happen during running.

Suggested Nomenclature.

Mr. D. Fraser's c. by Lord Melton—Weybridge: "Melton Bridge"; Mr. H. Trimmer's g. by Sailor Lad —Rattle Cackle: "Razzle Dazzle"; Lord Carnarvon's f. by Buccaneer—Easton Rose: "Miss Lascar"; Mr. J. M. Hartvig's f. by Best Man—Lady Nairne: "Best Girl II."; Mr. A. Stevens' c. by Knight of Malta—Victim: "Vendetta II."; Mr. T. Gollan's f. by Bill of Portland—Freda: "Fredaport"; Mr. A. Stevens' f. by Knight of Malta—Grey Light: "Nightlight"; Mr. F. Charley's f. by Damocles—Step Mother: "Drop It"; Mr. S. Gollan's g. by Sternchaser—Claed na Cuddin: "Heilan Breeks."

Lincoln and Liverpool.

Circumstances unquestionably govern everything, for what poor comparison did last week's Carholme and Aintree rounds make to the exactly similar gatherings in the spring, which we anticipate so keenly and for so long a period? The reason, however, is that they then inaugurate the flat racing season, and in consequence are gossiped about and longed for through a dull winter, while the chief handicaps invoke speculation for many a week previously. Last week's programmes were almost identical, excepting that the Lincoln Autumn Handicap has nothing like the importance of the Carholme spring event of like name, and the Grand Sefton Steeplechase is somewhat a poor substitute for the Grand National. However, coming towards the end of the season, and sandwiched by almost equally important sport, one gives no thought to the erstwhile magic words of Lincoln and Liverpool, treating them now as everyday matters, and of transient interest.

The Cup.

There are many Liverpool Cups—Spring, Summer, and Autumn—with a very great similarity about each. As a fact, the most important of the trio was last week's event, seeing that after the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire we invariably consider there are only two really big back-end handicaps—the Liverpool Cup and Manchester Handicap. Since that idea became general we have, of course, the Derby Gold Cup and, this season, the Newbury Gold Cup. However, my expression is merely a figure of speech. There could hardly have been a poorer anniversary of any big race than Bibiani's event, for until within six days of its decision there was no market, and only on the Monday previously was there a very nominal attempt to bolster up a few quotations. Certainly the original acceptance pointed to one thing, a moderate contest among very moderate horses. The usual Lambton success did not prevail, but it is frequently the executive's luck that the race produces a desperately close finish. Had Hammerkop been able to run, there could have been no question as to the winner, seeing what did happen, and where even Banana got. The alteration in distance this season, of course, utterly changes the character of the race from a mere mile dash round those turns to the halfway stile of a long-distance handicap. It clearly brought no particular good to the race, and has had a ruinous influence upon this week's Derby Cup.

Prophetic.

Prolific sport, of course, during the last few days which racing law allows. To-day (Wednesday), at Derby, public form makes CHARIS an advisable investment for the Markeaton Plate, for although lacking class, Sir Waldie Griffiths' little mare, we know, is well, likes soft ground, and seems reasonably likely to turn a Lincoln third and a Liverpool second into a first at Derby. Commonsense also suggests to those to whom BILLIDERE owes money that he should be followed in this afternoon's big nursery, although Prince of Piedmont and nearly everything that will run is fancied. Recent form again points to YOUNG LOCHINVAR in the Osmaston Nursery. Speaking generally, we must not miss DESESPOIR, TRUFFLE DE PERIGORD, and ISABELITA in their races during the next few days. Desespoir was very much fancied when a sufferer at the start at Liverpool, and it will be recalled that this time last year he showed his best form in the mud. Isabelita—as we saw at Hurst Park—is not fast enough to keep her place on a mile course, more especially on a racing track like Liverpool. When it is an extra two furlongs she will be right there—especially under strong handling. Truffle de Perigord—although only a little chap—was cruelly unlucky to miss at least one verdict a month ago, but being fresh and well again (which he needs to be), has an undoubted chance in his pending engagements. As the Derby Cup field will be so poor, we had better give the disappointing CHESTNUT another chance.

The Amateur's Plume.

Mr. George Thursby's best race, in his own opinion, was when he dead-heated Lester Reiff with Sloan a neck away, and in the run-off beat Reiff a short head. It was at Liverpool, five years ago.

They Succeed—"on Paper."

The autumn invariably brings its host of system-mongers. Why is it that a system is supposed to work better in the autumn?

Hundreds of Miles.

If it could be reckoned, I wonder what distance, in total, is covered by horses in work at a training centre on one single morning—say at Newmarket? It must be huge.

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Rides Well.

Priestman, the jockey, and quite unknown in the south, has a wonderful average, and rides a lot of winners considering his weight—8st. 2lb. He is considered the Maher of the North.

Common Sense.

Trainers of 'chasers say that ALL courses should be alike, either similar to Liverpool, or that Aintree be made similar to the others, for it is absurd and impossible to ask a horse to be schooled over two absolutely different kind of fences.

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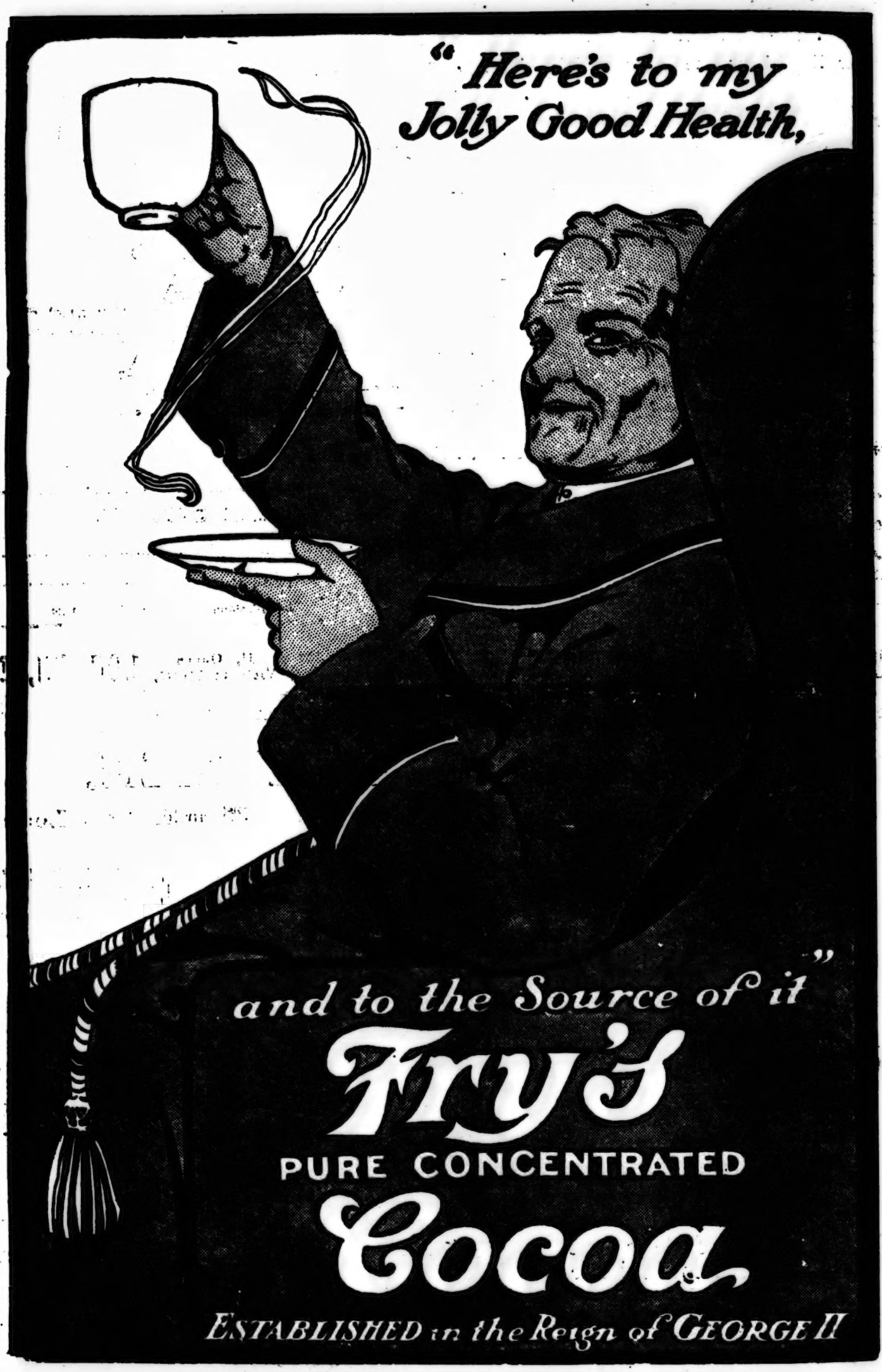

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